A

COLLECTION

OF

BALLADS,

And ſome other

Occaſional Poems.

By WILLIAM TUNSTALL, Gent.
During his Confinement in the *Marſhalſea*.

To which is added,

Saint *Cyprian*'s Diſcourſe to *Donatus*: Done into *Engliſh* Metre, by the ſame Author.

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TO

URANIA.

MADAM,

HAving receiv'd a moſt generous Preſent from You, under the Name of *Urania*, I think my ſelf obliged, to take this Opportunity of returning You my *Publick Thanks*.

If I am approaching a Perſon, whoſe great *Quality* ought to have kept me at a *Diſtance*, *URANIA* is to anſwer for my Rudeneſs; but, be You who you will, if You had known how much I eſteem *Gratitude* above Sums of *Gold*, You would

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not have robb'd me of the *Glory* of knowing my *Benefactress*, and of publishing her *Name* to the World.

I can easily bear the *Fetters* of a Jayl, but those upon the *Soul* are insupportable, and nothing can be more *barbarous* (pardon the Expression) to a generous *Mind*, than to have the *Heart* fill'd with *Joy*, and *Gratitude*, and, at the same Time, to have a *Pad-Lock* laid upon the *Mouth*.

But, what is still more severe, You put *Shackles* upon the *Imagination*, and, in Your Letter, command me, not so much as to fancy WHO YOU REALLY ARE; and, by the *Rigour* of that *Injunction*, have depriv'd me of a *Liberty* which would have offer'd me most admirable *Ideas*.

I could, from your *Generosity*, have concluded that you are a *Person* of the first *Rank* and *Quality*: I could have entertain'd my self, with the pleasant Reflection, that there is, *still*, left, amidst the *Corruptions* and *Pride* of this *Age*, a *Person*, who adorns the *Coronet*, with the inestimable *Jewels* of *Charity* and *Humility*: I could have charm'd my

my ſelf with Your *Image*, and the firm Belief, that Providence has not ſent into this World, ſo *beautiful* and *generous* a *Soul*, without all the Ornaments and Graces of *Fleſh* and *Blood*. But —— I muſt not ſo much as fancy WHAT YOU REALLY ARE.

Indeed, *Madam*, it was a very unlucky *Choice* for me, when you pitch'd upon the Name of *URANIA*; for tho' the *Goddeſs* of that Name, be the *Inventreſs* of *Aſtrology* and *Divination*, yet, in Obedience to her *Nameſake*'s Command, ſhe will not ſuffer the leaſt of her *Stars*, not ev'n, that *Tatler*, *Mercury*, to inform me *who You really are*; and, tho' I am very well aſſured, the *Planets* would be as *proud* of making *You* known, as I would be to hear it, yet, You ſee, Your Orders can reach the *Daughter* of *Jove*, and, tho' ſhe be a *Muſe* too, into the Bargain, yet ſhe dares not, without Your Permiſſion, reſolve the Doubts of an humble and beſeeching Poet.

But, without the Help of the *Goddeſs*, or her *Stars*, nay, in Defiance to Your more *ſovereign Commands*, I am ſtill at *Liberty*

berty to fancy, what *You really are not*; and I dare ſwear You are neither *Ugly* nor *Ill-humour'd*. I can very eaſily imagine you are not *really one* of *thoſe*, whoſe *Generoſity* has a Mixture of *Self-Intereſt* or *Vain-Glory*; and, in the next Place, I *fancy* that (*Charity* being in the beſt Senſe, Your *Portion*, and a Cement to all your other *Virtues*) You are not *one of thoſe*, who ſtand in need of it to hide a Multitude of Faults.

After all, *Madam*, you cannot but allow me, that it is the hardeſt Caſe in the World, that You have left me no other Means of gueſſing what *You really are*, but by imagining what *You really are not*; and beſide, by concealing Your *Name*, You have put me under ten Thouſand Obligations, more than You are aware of; for, whenever I ſhall meet any one of your Sex, who excels either in, *Charity*, *Goodneſs*, *Generoſity* or *Beauty*, I ſhall quickly fancy I have found out *URANIA*; and, by thanking them for what they knew nothing of, make ſome bluſh, and others ſo *vain* as to aſſume the *Credit* to themſelves; But, tho' a *hundred*, and a *hundred* may own it, yet I ſhall have a ſhrewd Gueſs,

Gueſs, The true *URANIA* is not in their number, unleſs I find a *Perſon*, who *owns* it, with the ſame *Graces* of *Modeſty* and *Humility*, with which you conferr'd it.

Ah! *Madam*, what *Charms* and *Beauties* are there in the Manner of *beſtowing* and *owning* a *Gift*? *Generoſity* with *Oſtentation*, is like a violent *Shower*; it makes, indeed, a great noiſe, but it breaks down the Fences of the *Fields* it ſhould fructify, and mixing with the *Dirt* and *Filth* of the Earth, is hurry'd down into *Pools* and *Ditches*; but the *ſilent Dews*, which inviſibly deſcend and brood upon the balmy Heads of the *Flowers* and *Fruits* of the Earth, modeſtly withdraw, when diſcover'd by the Sun, and their *Pearls* are reclaim'd by the *Heavens* which ſent them.

And certainly, *Madam*, if there be one *Jewel*, more valuable, more *Brilliant*, than all the reſt, in the *Crown* of Glory, it is that of an humble and conceal'd *Charity!*

But, when I am talking of *Humility*, (for who knows but I am writing to a DUTCH-

DUTCHESS?) it behoves me to put a Stop to my *Pen*, leſt while I am commending *one* Virtue, I oblige You to have Recourſe to *another*, and to arm Your ſelf with *That* of *Patience*. And if, *Madam*, I fairly, and without bluſhing, own, my Boſom is, juſt now, boiling with the Oppoſites to thoſe two moſt excellent Virtues, I hope you will pardon me; ſince, if I am *vain*, it is becauſe *Urania* has been pleas'd to favour me, and if I am *impatient*, it is only, becauſe, WHAT YOU REALLY ARE, muſt, ſtill, be a Secret to

MADAM,

Your Moſt Humble and

Moſt Obliged Servant,

W. TUNSTALL.

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FROM
W. T. in the MARSHALSEA,
TO
C. W. in NEWGATE.

Tune, *To all ye Ladies.*

I. FROM Me, *Dear Charles*, inſpir'd with ALE,
To Thee this Letter comes,
To try if Scribling can prevail
To moderate Our Dooms:
Tho' pent in Cage the Black-Bird ſwings,
Yet ſtill he Hops, and Struts, and Sings
With a fa, la, la, &c.

II. Perhaps you'll wonder why I choſe,
At this unlucky Time,
To quit the looſe and eaſy Proſe,
To tie my Thoughts in Rhime:
For why, you'll ſay, ſince we're confin'd,
Should we lay Shackles on the Mind?
With a fa, la, la, &c.

III. But ſince, tho' bound, on *Barnet* Tits,
So lately we aſtride,
Thro' hir'd Shouts of wide-mouth'd Cits,
Without a Rein could ride;
Sure *Pegaſus*, without a Bit,
To pinion'd Poets may ſubmit.
With a fa, la, la, &c.

IV. But if the winged Steed ſhould rear,
And ſtart into a Freak,
We'll ſend for jolly Granadeer
To lead him by the Cheek.
Then We with Corded Arms may ride.
And ſit, and think, and thump his Side.
With a fa, la, la, &c.

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V. For *Pegaſus*, whilſt he could ſoar,
No Poets ever made,
He flew *Boætia* o'er and o'er,
Until he turn'd a Jade;
His tired Hoof, then ſpurn'd the Rock,
And *Helicon* purſu'd the Stroke.
With a fa, la, la, &c.

VI. So, when from *Highgate-Hill* I came,
In Triumph thro' the Town,
And jaded Palfrey, dull, and lame,
At *Marſhal's* ſet me down:
Without the Wings, he had the Heel;
Thence! ALE and BEER, and BEER and ALE!
With a fa, la, la, &c.

VII. Thus ſtruting full of heavy *Grout*,
With *Belch* and *Flegm* replete,
I ſend my *Muſe* to find Thee out
At *Newgate*, or the *Fleet*;
Such Eructations, ſure demand
Some ſpeedy Comfort from thy Hand.
With a fa, la, la, &c.

VIII. For now, *Dear Charles*, (my Freedom gone)
This *Priſon* ſeems my *Wife*,
I no Man ſee to aid my Moan,
Hear nought but Noiſe and Strife:
For (after all that can be ſaid)
A *Goal's* a Kind of being *Wed*. *With fa, la, la,* &c.

IX. Now I this Tale, to Thee, have told,
(Sure naught's a greater Curſe)
That I this Goal, muſt HAVE and HOLD
For BETTER and for WORSE;
Judge then, how bravely I ſhall quit
This Marriage NOOZE for TYBURN TWITT.
With a fa, la, la, &c.

X. Nay, if * Old *Mopſa*, who has loſt * Wid H—by
Her LOVE in Battle ſlain,
Should beg me from the Three-Leg'd Poſt,
To fix me to her Twain.
So long ſuſpended! I ſhould ſtand!
The Cart would drive—and I be hang'd! The

THE *Preſton* Priſoners TO THE Ladies about Court and Town.

By Way of Comfort,
From *C. W.* to *W. T.*

I. YOU fair ones all at Liberty
We Captive Lovers greet,
Nor ſlight our Tears and Sighs, 'cauſe we
Can't lay 'em at your Feet:
The Fault's not ours, and you may gueſs
We can deſire no greater Bliſs,
With a fa, la, la, &c.

II. What! tho' pack'd up in Priſons baſe,
With Bolts and Bars reſtrain'd,
Think not our Bodies love you leſs,
Our Souls are more confin'd:
Each was to 'ts utmoſt Pow'r, your Slave,
Nor Freedom took, but what you gave.
With a fa, la, &c.

III. Thus, doubly Captive, in this Cauſe
Your prior Title pleads,
The Goal's High-Treaſon 'gainſt your Laws,
And Property invades:
Wherefore, ſince Priſons are our due,
'Tis juſt we be lock'd up by you.
With a fa, la, &c.

IV. From hence to thoſe moſt bliſsful Bow'rs,
Leſt We ſhould miſs our Way,
Thoſe Beauties that diſplay'd their Pow'rs
The laſt Triumphant Day,
As moſt expert in *Cupid*'s Wars,
Shall guide us on like Grenadiers.
With a fa, la, &c.

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V. Thus we'll to the Innocent and Fair,
That ſhun indecent Sights,
From Purchas'd Shouts and Noiſum Air
To Whiſpers and Delights:
Then all our Pains ſhall Pleaſures prove,
And Pinion'd Arms be Wings of Love.
With a fa, la, &c.

VI. But if our ſtubborn Keepers ſtill
Shou'd chain us to our Dens,
In Diſobedience to your Will,
And ſovereign Influence;
Spite of their Shackles, Bolts and Doors,
Our Hearts are free, and they are yours.
With a fa, la, &c.

VII. Mean while, within theſe Walls immur'd,
Think not our Spirit's loſt,
The vileſt Ale our Goals afford
Is *Nectar* with a Toaſt:
And if ſome Wine creep in by Stealth,
It has its Reliſh from your Health.
With a fa, la, &c.

VIII. Our tedious Nights and loathſome Days,
With your Remembrance bleſs'd,
At length may ſome Compaſſion raiſe
Within your tender Breaſts:
No Matter what our Juries Find,
We're happy ſtill if you prove Kind.
With a fa, la, &c.

IX. Nay, ſhou'd we Victims be deſign'd
By thoſe that rule the State,
Should Mercy no Admittance find,
To Hearts that ſhould be Great;
What Dread can Goals or Gibbets ſhew,
To Men who've died ſo oft for you.
With a fa, la, &c.

X. If Fate muſt fix th' unworthy Doom,
We'll leave you freſh Supplies,
And from our Aſhes, in our Room,
Some Phœnixes ſhall riſe,
Whoſe Vows will more ſucceſsful prove
In happier Days to win your Love. *With a fa, la,* &c.

FROM

FROM

W--T-- to --C--W-

The Second Part. *To the ſame Tune*

I.

WHilſt *Impotent*, tho' fill'd with Rage,
I grumbling gnaw my Chains;
Thy happy *Muſe*, and youthful *Age*,
Can ſport amid'ſt thy Pains:
Around, *round*, *round*, with ringing Rhimes
Thou turn'ſt thy Wheel to thy own Chimes.
With a fa, *la*, *la*, &c.

II. Amidſt the Noiſe of *Chains* and *Keys*,
Thou can'ſt of *Cupid* ſing;
The *Warders* their hoarſe Bawling ceaſe,
And *Drawers* watch thy String.
So Storms t' *ARION* lent their Ears,
And *Orpheus* play'd midſt *Wolves* and *Bears*.
With a fa, *la*, &c.

III. But thy more pow'rful Notes excell,
Whate'er the Poets ſay,
When *Orpheus* travell'd down to *Hell*
To fiddle his Wife away:
He only freed one Nymph from Pains;
Thou charm'ſt a Thouſand into Chains.
With a fa, *la*, &c.

IV. Thy Flame, amidſt cold Walls, ſurvives,
No Moment's Care neglects,
And ev'n when thou'rt dead, contrives
To pleaſe the Female Sex:
Thy unextinguiſh'd Sparks ſhall burn,
And Nymphs poſſeſs *Thee* in thy Urn.
With a fa, *la*, &c.

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V. Yet, truſt me, *Charles*, when thou waſt led
A Captive thro' the Street;
Thoſe Females only came t' invade,
And finiſh thy Defeat:
Of all their conquering Charms bereft,
Now glad to *plunder* what was left.
With a fa, la, &c.

VI. Deſpis'd by Court and City *Beaus*
To ſee our Shew they came,
Amongſt a *few* defenceleſs Foes,
To play an after Game;
From *Golden Chains*, and *Garter'd Lords*,
To find a *Slave* amidſt our Cords.
With a fa, &c.

VII. Young *Flora* Warmth creates in *Thee*
When Beams around her play;
But *She* is coldeſt ſtill to *Me*,
When moſt ſerene and gay;
And thus the brighteſt Skies beget
In *Winter* Cold, in *Summer* Heat.
With a fa, &c.

VIII. Let *Bruma* her old Opticks rub,
To ſhew her vain Deſire,
And, artful, like *Winſtanly*'s Tub,
At once ſpout Rain and Fire:
I neither will ſubmit my Years,
To *Flora*'s Smiles, nor *Bruma*'s Tears.
With a fa, &c.

IX. With *hoary Age* all fenc'd around,
Secure intrench'd I lie,
And *Sixty Years* ſtill ſtaunch are found
'Gainſt Love's Artillery;
And thus encamp'd, like *Northern Hoſts*,
I ſafely reſt in *Snows* and *Froſts*.
With a fa, &c.

X. Thus jolly *Thames*, that us'd to bear
Upon his Curled Breaſt,

The

The charming Burthens of the *Fair*,
Who ſeldom gave him reſt;
Now, indolent, and free from Vice,
Sleeps, undiſturb'd, in his own *Ice*.
With a fa, &c.

XI. Then, ſince to *Mars* I'm captive made,
From *Cupid* I'll be free;
I will not, by my Strugglings, add
To my Captivity;
Nor groan beneath the tripple *Ties*,
Of *Age*, and *Chains*, and *Womens Eyes*.
With a fa, &c.

XII. In *Mars's* Wars, whoe'er is rang'd,
Some Mercy may obtain,
To conquer, or to be exchang'd,
If in the Battle ta'en;
But *Love's* a Foe, ſo fierce, ſo fell!
The *Tyrant* fights without *Cartell*.

To Mr. Tunſtall *and his Friends in the* Marſhalſea.

I.

TO thee, Dear *Tunſtall*, tho' unknown,
An artleſs *Muſe* applies,
Who is, ſince thy Misfortunes, grown
As uſeleſs as her Eyes,
Whoſe *Tears* upon theſe *Lines* diſtil,
They drown my *Verſe*, and flag my *Quill*.
With a fa, la, &c.

II. How many *Lovers* have I loſt,
With Thoughts of thy Diſtreſs,
My *Colour's* chang'd, my *Arms* are croſt,
Neglected is my *Dreſs*;
A ſable *Hood* my *Viſage* ſhades,
Which us'd to ſparkle in theſe *Glades*.
With a fa, &c.

No

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III. No more my *Fingers* touch the *Strings*,
As they were wont to do,
My *Heart* is ſunk, and ſadly ſings,
As if a *Priſ'ner* too;
The *Play*, the *Court*, the *Park*, the *Ring*
No Aids afford, no Comfort bring.
With a fa, &c.

IV. My *Lyre*, upon the *Willow* hung,
Will ſound alas! no more;
Dead to the Livelyer *Airs* I ſung,
In happier *Days* before;
Nor will it e'er renew its *Strain*,
Whilſt bound in Shackles you remain.
With a fa, &c.

V. But, 'midſt the *Grief*, my *Soul* ſuſtains,
It is a ſweet Allay,
To ſee thy *Spirits*, preſs'd with *Chains*,
So unconcern'd and gay:
The *God* of *Wit* to *thee* repairs,
And ſweetly Chants to Lull thy *Cares*.
With a fa, &c.

VI. He makes the gloomy *Priſon* bright,
And ſings thee to Repoſe;
He ſooths the Horrours of the *Night*,
And ſoftens all thy Woes:
The FREE, with envying Eyes look on,
And, thus to *Sing*, would be *undone*.
With a fa, &c.

VII. If ALE ſuch Notions can produce,
Which is a muddy *Stream*;
What would the brisk enliv'ning *Juice*,
And ſome diviner *Theme*?
Such Strains from *TUNSTALL* then would run;
Which *POPE*, or *ADDISON* might *own*.
With a fa, &c.

VIII. What

VIII. What e'er the *Poets* may report,
'Tis in the *MARSHALSEA*,
The willing *Muſes* keep their *Court*,
In Complaiſance to *Thee:*
They quit *Parnaſſus* for thy *Cell*,
And ſure, I think they've choſen well.
With a fa, &c.

IX. Their *Horſe*, without a *Bit* or *Rein*
Submit to thy Command:
Aloft he ſoars, then skims the Plain,
Obedient to thy Hand:
Oh! would the *Steed* my Verſe obey,
His Wings would *Tunſtall* bear away.
With a fa, &c.

X. Then, *Incenſe* ſhould his Noſtrills fill
With *Clouds* of Grateful *Fume*,
Thy *Numbers* ſhould be his *Regale*,
And *CLIO* be his *Groom*;
His *Manger* ſhould of *Gold* be made,
And all the *Floor* with *Diamonds* laid.
With a fa, &c.

W. T. *to Fair* CLIO;

Who, the firſt Time he had the Honour to ſee Her, ſung a Ballad *of her own Compoſing, in Compliment to One He had Writ before.*

To the Tune of, *To all ye Ladies*, &c.

I.

AH! *Clio*, had thy diſtant *Lays*
Attack'd my weakeſt Side,
And thou had only WRIT to raiſe
An empty *Poet*'s Pride;
With merry *Glee*, then, all Day long,
Thy *Wit* and *Verſe* had been my *Song*.

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II. But, to the *Lines*, which thou had writ,
It was a cruel Choice,
To add new *Force*, and *Grace* thy *Wit*
With *Beauty* and with *Voice*.
Wit only *points*, but *Lips* and *Eye*
Feather the *Darts* and makes them fly.

III. Thou ſhould'ſt thy *dawning Muſe* have ſent,
Fore-runner to thy *Sun*,
And not have ſpread the Firmament
At once with Height of *Noon*;
To baniſh Darkneſs, it was kind,
But, cruel, thus to ſtrike me blind.

IV. Thy *Arrows*, from a random Hand,
Might chance to miſs their *Aim*;
But when you take ſo near a *Stand*,
They cannot fail to maim:
For what Amazement muſt it bring,
To ſee thee *Look*, and hear thee *Sing*?

V. When kindl'd *Skies* their *Lightnings* broach,
At Diſtance, firſt, they appear,
To warn us of their fierce Approach,
And for the Storm prepare;
But *Flaſhes*, unexpected, fright,
They melt the *Soul*, and pierce the *Sight*.

VI. But you, *fair Nymph*, no Time allow,
At once you our Fate proclaim,
And whilſt your *Beauty* makes us glow,
Your *Voice* inſpires the Flame:
But when the *Muſe* aſſumes her Part,
What *Engines* can *inſure* the Heart?

VII. The *Delphick God*, by Female Tongues,
His Oracles declar'd,
Thro' horrid Looks, from untun'd Lungs,
The Fate of Crowns was heard;
But the *whole God* in you does meet,
His *Youth*, his *Muſick* and his *Wit*.

VIII. Had *Sappho*, thus, to *Phaon* writ,
She had eſcap'd the *Wave*;
The *Youth* had been, by Force of Wit,
Compell'd the *Nymph* to ſave;
But *Sappho* met her Deſtiny,
'Cauſe *Sappho* could not write like *Thee*.

IX. Like *Thee*, had *Eccho* tun'd her Voice,
Narciſſus to invoke,
The *Self-lov'd Youth* had fix'd his Choice,
Nor doom'd her to a *Rock*:
Thus *both* a better Fate had found;
She had not *Pin'd*, nor *He* been *Drown'd*.

X. But, whate'er Fate to *me* belongs,
This Comfort I ſhall have,
To be recorded in thy *Songs*,
And triumph in the *Grave*:
Who falls a *Victim* to thy Eyes,
Is, by thy *Verſes*, ſure to riſe.

XI. Thy fragrant *Lines* ſalute the Sky,
Like an *Arabian* Neſt,
And, like an aged *Phœnix*, *I*
Embalm'd on Spices reſt;
Thus, whilſt amidſt thy *Flames*, I burn,
I riſe immortal from the *Urn*.

CLIO's *Anſwer*.

I.

ECHO her raviſh'd Ear inclines
To thy tranſporting *Song*,
For *Thee*, and for thy charming *Lines*,
She wiſhes to be *young*.
Narciſſus ſhou'd not be her *Choice*,
She'd leave his Beauty for thy *Voice*.

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II. Of all the *Muſes* ſhe has known,
She votes to them the *Bayes*,
Whoſe *Pipe* is ſweeter than her own,
When ſhe the *Sighs* conveys,
Of *ev'n* tuneful *Waller*'s Heart,
And thrils 'em out with all her Art.

III. Inrag'd ſhe ſnatches, from my Tongue,
The half repeated ſound,
And greedily does it prolong
To all the Valleys round;
Grown fonder now of *Tunſtal*'s Name,
Than any other Son of Fame.

IV. Ah, if a *Shadow jealous* grows,
And envies *me* thy Praiſe,
What Feuds amongſt my fairer Foes
Will humble *Clio* raiſe;
They'll wonder where this *Clio* ſhines,
Made ſo immortal by thy Lines.

V. Surpriz'd to find the Sun-burnt Maid,
Thy Praiſes renders vain,
Stretch'd underneath a lonely Shade,
So unpolite and plain;
They'll ſee thy fine *Idea's* riſe
From thy own *Wit*, not *CLIO*'s *Eyes*.

VI. What ſprightly *Fancy* does appear
In every beauteous Thought,
The *Lover* and the *Poet* here
So gracefully are brought;
How dull is *ſhe* that does not chooſe
A *Lover*, with ſo ſoft a *Muſe*.

VII. 'Tis by Satyrick *Poets* told,
The mercenary Heart,
Unleſs they dip the *Point* in *Gold*,
Repells the *baffl'd Dart*;
But *he*, who will ſucceed with *mine*,
Muſt *woe* with *Verſe*, inſtead of *Coin*.

VIII.

VIII. Had *Phœbus* charm'd his flying Fair,
Oh *Tunſtall*, with thy Art,
Her *Soul* had ſoftned at his Prayer,
If made like *Clio*'s *Heart*;
Were I transform'd into a Tree,
My liſt'ning *Boughs* wou'd dance to *Thee*.

IX. If *Ovid* thus had tun'd his *Lyre*,
His *Cæſar* had been kind;
Thine will a gentler Fate inſpire,
If *Cæſar*'s of my Mind.
If *Ovid* could have ſung like thee,
A *Song* had brought his Liberty.

X. Repos'd upon the *Muſes* Breaſt,
The Happy *Tunſtall* lies:
Thus *Philomela* builds her *Neſt*,
Remote from vulgar Eyes,
Till ſhe reveals, by her ſweet *Voice*,
The Favourite *Bough* ſhe makes her *Choice*.

XI. Beyond the Reach of *Power*, or *Chance*,
Thy *Numbers* will ſurvive;
Thy *Chains*, thence, Merit will advance,
And keep my *Fame* alive;
At worſt, but half of *thee* can fall,
Thy *Verſe* can never die at all.

XII. Ah *Tunſtall*! if the Heavenly Quire
Does thy Aſſiſtance want,
To raiſe th' Angelick *Chorus* higher,
And *thou* art made a Saint,
Thy Wit a Legacy beſtow,
That I may ſing thy Name below.

XIII. Thy noble Gift ſhall be repay'd,
With *Intereſt*, at thy Tomb;
My flowing *Tears* and *Verſe* I'll ſhed,
To keep thy *Bayes* in Bloom;
Thy *Muſe* a Loadſtone then may be,
And raiſe my flagging *SOUL* to *Thee*.

Upon My being put in CHAINS.

I.

CEaſe, ceaſe, ye *Libertines*, my *Feet*,
And give your Ramblings o'er;
Advance, your welcome *Chains* to meet,
And *Fortune's* LOT adore.

II. The *Span* of *Life*, which now remains,
TUNSTALL, what is't to thee?
Since all the World is bound in *Chains*,
Why ſhould thy *Legs* go Free?

III. What Mortal does not *Kings* bemoan?
Alas! *they* all are Slaves,
Chain'd to the *Burthen* of a *Crown*,
And *clogg'd* with fawning Knaves.

IV. So the brave *Faulcon*, pearch'd on high,
In broider'd *Hood* excels,
But *he has pawn'd* his *Liberty*
For *Varvels*, *Jeſſes*, *Bells*.

V. Rais'd up by Popular Applauſe,
See, there, a *Stateſman* riſe,
And, whilſt the *Gale* of Favour blows,
Aloft he mounts the *Skies*.

VI. The Mob, at Diſtance, upwards ſtares,
Admires the Airy *Thing*;
Yet ſtill he's *chain'd*, and, tho' he ſoars,
Blind *Fortune* holds the String.

VII. So Paper *Kites*, Surprize extort,
But when you approach the *Toys*,
You only find they are the Sport
Of Gaping Fools and Boys.

VIII. The plumed Spark, in *Scarlet Dye*,
Sweats thro' a long Campaign,
And, tho' his *Honour* ſeems the *Tye*,
His *Pay*'s the powerful *Chain*.

IX. *Pomp*, *Modes*, *Formalities* and *Pride*,
To *Courtiers Chains* afford,
And a thouſand other *Bonds*, beſide
The ſacred *Tye* his WORD.

X. The Gown is fetter'd to the Fee,
The Caſſock to the Glebe;
That gives a Luſtre to the *Plea*,
This makes the *Text* run Glib.

XI. See, there, a Self-conceited *Tool*,
Puff'd up with *Pride* and *Pelf*;
He, *he*, of all's the greateſt *Fool*,
He's *fetter'd* to HIMSELF.

XII. The gawdy *Beaus*, in rich Brocade,
The duſty Ring approach,
But are more *harneſs'd* to their *Pride*,
Than their *Horſes* to the *Coach*.

XIII. *Cloe*, with Dreſs, and painted Looks,
Enchains her ſenſeleſs *Prigg*,
Whilſt *He*, again, binds her in Locks
Of his reſiſtleſs *Wigg*.

XIV. Thus ev'ry *Thing* is bound, we find,
But, ſuch is *Vice*'s Growth!
That ev'ry *Thing* has Power to *bind*,
Except a ſolemn OATH.

XV. But, of all *Chains*, deliver me
From *Wedlock*'s *Bondage* ſafe;
I can, 'midſt *Iron Links*, be *free*,
And *Sit* ---- and *Sing* ---- and *Laugh*.

XVI.

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XVI. For who wou'd ſwap the heavieſt *Clink*
For ſome Mens HAVE and HOLD;
It is the Devil to be *Link'd*
To a *Jealous*, *Drunken* SCOLD.

The Duel betwixt a Maſter of the Lute *and a* Nightingal.

Tranſlated from the Latin *of* Strada.

THE *Sun* was, now, declining to the Sea,
And, from his Orb, diffus'd a milder Ray,
When, near the *Tyber*, in a ſhady *Wood*,
With well-tun'd *Lute*, a skilful *Minſtrell* ſtood;
Both *Wood*, and *Lute* their proper Aids did lend,
To cool the *Seaſon*, and his *Cares* unbend.

This, at a Diſtance, *Philomela* heard,
And, jealous, from the neighbouring Thicks repair'd.
The Sweet Inhabitant of lonely Glades!
The *Miſtreſs Muſe*, and *Siren* of the Shades!
Perch'd on a Bow, which o'er the *Maſter* hung,
She liſt'ning ſat, and, as *he* play'd, *ſhe* ſung,
Each *Strain* ſhe catch'd, and ſent the improved *Note*
Back to his *Fingers*, from her warbling *Throat*.

Quickly the Man perceiv'd the Rival Bird,
Awak'd his Lute, and for the War prepar'd;
With nimble Fingers o'er the *Strings* he ran,
And the ſweet *Prelude* to the Fight began.

She took the *Hint*, and from her emulous *Tongue*
A thouſand pointed Notes, at Random, flung;
The pleaſant Skirmiſh to the future Song.

The

The *Minſtrel*, then, his ſcornful *Lute* provok'd,
And trembling *Strings* the firſt *Engagement* ſpoke.
Now careleſs *Vollies* from his *Fingers* go,
As if he ſcorn'd the little ſilvan *Foe*.
Sometimes his Hand, with nimble Wandrings, ſtrays,
And gives the Meaſure to the various Lays;
Then gravely pauſeth, and, without *Rebound*,
Spins out a *long* invariable *Sound*;
Then *quick* again, the brisk *ALEGROES* riſe,
From *this*, to *that*, from *that*, to *this*, he flies.
Then, *ſuddain*, ſtops——

——————Here *ſhe* reſumes her *Part*,
Each Note returns, and anſwers *Art*, with *Art*.
Then ſtreight (as if unskill'd, or elſe in doubt.
Willing to Sing, but fearing to be out)

She ſeems to hover, and ſuſpend her Skill,
And gives no Motion to the wid'n'd Bill;
The *Tune*, with equal *Tenor*, glides along,
And takes no *Volums* from the roling *Tongue*,
But ſweetly *ſlow*, ſhe modulates her *Throat*,
And *skims* the Surface of an *uncurl'd* Note.
Then, *quick*, ſhe ſtarts into the ſwift *VIVACE*,
Cuts ev'ry Meaſure with a skilful *Grace*;
Her Voice ſhe raiſeth, muſically Shrill,
And gives the *Quaver* with her warbling *Bill*.
Then, ſilent, ſits——

He ſtood aſtoniſh'd, and a while forgot
His ſilent Lute, to admire how ſuch a Note
Could flow, in Conſort, from ſo ſmall a Throat.

Again, his ſounding *Inſtrument* he took,
And, with a bolder *Hand*, his *Leſſon* ſtruck:
To ev'ry *String* an artful Sweetneſs lends,
And *Flats* and *Sharps*, reciprocally blends:
The high ſtrung Trebles ſend their Strains aloft,
Then ſink again, melodiouſly ſoft.
At laſt the BASE, Majeſtically *ſlow*,
Does, to the *Chorus*, with ſtern Numbers go;

The lab'ring Arm, then *works* the groaning *Lyre*,
And *graver* Accents drown the *tatling Wyre*,
Then, ev'ry where, a buiſy *Hand* he flings,
And jumbles all the Muſick of the Strings,
Gives them the *Clangor* of the Martial Jar,
When the loud *Trumpets* ſound th' *Alarm* to *War*.

This too ſhe did----and, on her liquid *Tongue*,
Melted each *Note*, and mollify'd the *Song*:
Now, mounting, She, to a higher *Pitch*, aſpires,
Vies with the *Sharpneſs* of the ſmaller *Wyres*.
Then, from aloft, by ſweet Deſcents ſhe calls,
Her ſoaring *Voice* and Eccho's, as ſhe falls;
The ſinking Meaſure almoſt ſeems to die,
And draws *Attention* into *Extaſy*.

Then, feign'dly hoars, ſhe' attacks the harſher Baſe;
Deep gutt'ral *Murmurs* from her *Boſom* paſs,
And mock the Roughneſs of the Martial *Braſs*;
Then boldly *ſhrill*, the louder *Notes* are ſwell'd,
As if ſhe give the *Signal* to the *Field*.

The Maſter bluſh'd, and ſwoln with Shame and Pride;
Thou little, vain, pretending *Bird*, he cry'd,
I'll either ſtrike thy' ambitious *Tatlings* mute,
Or yield the *Honours* of my broken *Lute*.

Then o'er the *Cords*, with angry *Hand* he bounds,
And urgeth all the' inimitable *Sounds*:
From *String* to *String* the dancing *Notes* he ſends,
Then, quick as Fancy, all together blends;
The *Soft*, the *Harſh*, the *Quick*, the *Flat*, the *Sweet*,
In the grand Symphony together meet;
And, from *one* Inſtrument's reſounding Wyre,
He *mimick'd* all the *Conſorts* of a *Choir*.

This done, he ſtands, expecting what Reply
The *Rival* offer'd to his Harmony.
She (loath to yield) tho' with contending *Hoarſe*,
Breathing for *Conqueſt*, rally'd all her *Force*;
Call'd all her *Lungs* into her panting *Throat*,

And

And *heav'd*----and *ſob'd*----and *labour'd* for a *Note*,
Alas in vain! for whil'ſt ſhe ſtrove to run
Thro' all the *Mazes* of the wildering *Tune*,
Loſt in the Chace, her genuine *Voice* declin'd
The bold Purſuit, and, fainting, lagg'd behind;
Yet *ſtill* ſhe *ſtrove*----But from her gaſping *Bill*
Imperfect *Notes*, and broken *Accents* fell.
That ſweeteſt *Magazine* of *Tunes*, her Breaſt,
With *Shame* confounded, and with *Anger* preſs'd,
Yielding to *Sorrows*, and th' unequal *Striſe*,
Breath'd out its *laſt*, and with its *laſt*, her *Life*:
She fell----And, as ſhe fell----ſtill murmur'd out
Melodious *Groans*, and ſunk upon the *Lute*:
There, ſtretch'd at Length, the *little Carcaſs* lay,
But a kind *Sigh* had bore her *Soul* away.

Fit, that the lifeleſs Animal ſhould have
(Who liv'd ſo ſweetly) dead, ſo ſweet a Grave.

So! does *Ambition* ev'ry where abound!
When the *wild Paſſion* is, in ſuch ſmall Boſoms found.

To the Reverend Mr. H---ck, *upon his Pindarick Poem, call'd*

The SUBMARINE VOYAGE.

I.

LOng I, in Darkneſs, by falſe *Meteors* led,
Blindly purſu'd a *Muſe*, that from me fled;
Follow'd the ſteep impracticable Road,
Where *Shakeſpear*, and great *Ben*, before me trod.
Yet now, dear Friend, in vain I find,
I did th' infatuating *Fire* purſue,
The *Nymph* ſtill fled, was ſtill unkind,
And *Me*, thro' *Miſts*, and *Labrinths* drew.
Without Improvement, ſtill, I wander'd on,
O'er *Denham's*, *Suckling's*, *Milton's* Poems run,

And, vainly, thought my ſelf well bleſt,
When I, a while, in *Waller*'s Shades could reſt,
And at his Chriſtal Fountain quench my Thirſt;
Or ſtretch my ſelf along that Current's Side
Which thro' the flowry Meads of *Cowley*'s Odes does glide.
Cowley! who, firſt, ſome faint Diſcov'ries made,
Of *Pindar*'s unknown Shore,
Who firſt did with *Anacreon* trade,
And came Home loaden with *Wit's* ſparkling *Ore*.
But you, a more adventrous *Courſe* have ta'en,
HE dabbl'd in the *Sholes* of *Wit*, *YOU* launch into the *Main*.

II. *Thou* hidden Knowledge from the *Ocean* takes,
As *Albemarl*, redeem'd the golden *Wrecks*:
He only reſcu'd what before was known,
And render'd to the *Britiſh Iſle* her own:
But thy rich Fancy does explore,
The ſecret Wealth of *Neptune*'s Shore.
Boldly ſurveys the briny *Gods* Eſtates,
And, where thou do'ſt not find, *creates*.
Such *Tides* of Thought, in ev'ry Line, we find,
So ſtrong! and yet ſo calm they go,
So ſmoothly *Ebb*, ſo gently *flow*,
They pleaſe the *Senſes*, and delight the *Mind*
In ev'ry *Line*, thy *Genius* is expreſt,
In ev'ry Word is found a lively *Taſte*,
Both of the *Poet*, and the *Prieſt*.
Thou, in thy ſwift Poetick Flight,
Do'ſt, ſometimes ſoar to ſuch a Height,
Sometimes do'ſt not diſdain,
To Dive into the *Main*;
And, whilſt thy *Muſe* does both the *Gods* ſurvey,
The *Thunderer*'s Heav'ns, and thy *Neptune*'s Sea,
Thy *Odes* may properly, be ſtil'd divine,
Which both *Celeſtial* are, and *Submarine*.

III. Lend me, O Lend, thy tuneful *Lyre*,
Or tell what *Muſe* thy Fancy did inſpire,
That I due Honours may proclaim;

And, whilſt *thy* Praiſes, I make known,
May propagate my *own*,
And grow Immortal in the Mouth of *Fame*.
Lend me, O Lend thy *Quill*,
Or pardon if, againſt thy Will,
I boldly do intrude
Amongſt the num'rous Multitude
Who take th' Advantage of thy PRESS,
Into Futurity to paſs.
In pompous Dreſs, *Thou* walks before in State,
And takes thy Station in *Apollo*'s Court,
Whilſt we, th' inſpir'd of the *Lower Sort*,
Are glad to pay Attendance at the *Gate*.

IV. Thy *Dolphin* ever ſhall abide,
And I, on his officious *Back*,
Thro' the vaſt Floods of *Time* ſhall break,
Steddy ſhall o'er *Oblivion* ride
And ſtem the Current of her raging *Tide*.
The fam'd *Orion* had been loſt,
And periſh'd in the *Watry Brine*,
Had not ſome *Dolphin*, kind like thine,
Convey'd him to the Coaſt.
Oh! were my Numbers, like *Orion*'s, ſmooth!
With charming Notes the *Tritons* Rage I'd ſooth;
I'd make the roling *Waves* advance,
And, at my tuneful *Lire*,
Suſpend the Roarings of their Ire,
And ruond about *thee* dance.
Then, chearful, we, thro' Sea-green *Paths*, would creep,
And ſound the Secrets of the *Deep*;
To *Neptune*'s *Palace* would reſort,
View all his *Riches*, all his *Store*,
His *Pearls*, his *Gems*, and golden *Ore*,
And wanton with his beauteous *Nymphs* at Court.

V. *Friendſhip*, and *Love*! what would you do,
Whither my willing Fancy drive?
In vain you urge, in vain you ſtrive,

In vain our *Poets* Praiſe purſue,
So big it looks, is plac'd ſo high,
No human *Art* Acceſs can find;
No *Quill* can to its Diſtance fly,
And Language lags behind.
And yet, if I, like *Dedalus* cou'd ſoar,
Like him, the *Cave*, and *Chains* could quit,
Which clog my Fancy, and depreſs my *Wit*,
I'd cut the yielding Regions of the Air,
And o'er thy *Iſlands*, o'er thy *Ocean* ſteer.
And tho', perchance, in my *Pindarick* Flight,
Rais'd to a *vain* ambitions Height,
The Fate of *Icarus* ſhould prove my Doom,
And angry *Phœbus* melt my *Waxen Plume*;
Yet *mine* a much more glorious *Lot* would be,
Whilſt, gently, I ſhould drop into *thy Sea*;
Nor give the conſcious *Flood* a *Name*, but take my
Name from *THEE*.

To *W---T---*

Upon his Cyprian *to* Donatus.

By an unknown Hand.

THE Skill in *Latin*, and the Uſe of *Schools*
Is ſtill deny'd to us poor *Female Fools*;
The *Men*, forſooth, compaſſionately kind,
Pretend it is, in *Favour* of the Mind.
Alas! poor Woman! her effeminate *Brain*
Cannot the *Burthen* of the Schools ſuſtain!
The *Tree* of *Knowledge*, and its noble *Fruit*,
With her inſipid *Palate* would not ſute.

Our

Our *Tyrants*, hitherto, no Means have try'd,
Unleſs to feed our *Vanities* and *Pride*:
A thouſand Ways to indulge our *Senſe* they find,
But never ſtuddy to improve the *Mind*.
Whilſt, damn'd to *Follies*, *we* muſt ſtill be *vain*,
T' advance the *Cuſtoms* and the Merchant's *Gain*.

I ſtill imagin'd, and I now deſcry,
There was conceal'd ſome hidden *Miſtery*,
Fenc'd from the Searches of a *Woman*'s Eye;
But TUNSTALL, bravely, does our *Cauſe* maintain,
Has broke *Orchard*, and the DRAGON ſlain:
He kindly has preſented to our *Hands*,
Fruits only known t' a ſtudious FEW in *Bands*;
The *golden Apples*, now ſalute our *View*,
And, to our *Reach*, he bends the loaded *Bow*.
He has diſclos'd, great *Cyprian*'s hidden *Mine*;
The MARTYR, now, in *Engliſh Dreſs* does ſhine,
And we have Liberty to touch the SHRINE.

J. S.

The following Eight Lines were writ by an unknown Lady, *on the blank Leaf before* Cyprian.

SO well perform'd! and by a *Fetter'd Hand!*
What does not this excelling *Work* demand;
Whilſt *Piety*, and *Pity*, warmly ſue,
For *Him*, who gives this *Poem* to your View.

The *Lady*'s Friend! who, in an *Engliſh* Dreſs,
Reveals, what elſe they never could poſſeſs:
Then let the *Fair* indulge the *Muſe* in *Bonds*,
And *Benefits* flow double from their *Hands*.

To

To the Honourable

Sir *Thomas Parkyns*, Bart.

Of *Bunny*, in the County of *Nottingham*,

Upon his Book of WRESTLING.

WHEN great *Alcides* had ſurpaſs'd his *Toils*,
With *Conqueſt* ſated, and *Augean* Spoils,
A pious *Gratitude*, his Soul did move,
To conſecrate *Olympian* Games to *Jove*.
From *Piſa*, then, and warlike *Sparta*'s Plain,
The *Grecian Chiefs* advanc'd the *Palm* to gain,
And, whilſt the Annals of *Olympia* live,
Choræbus ſhall, in laſting *Fame* ſurvive.
Theron and *Chromius*, ſhall for ever ſhine,
In *Pindar*'s Song, and *Cowley*'s tuneful Line.
But, active *Chromius*, nor young *Theron*'s Name,
Shall be intitl'd to a ſurer *Fame*,
Than *thine*, (O PARKYNS!) could I reach that Height,
To *ſing*, like *Pindar*, or, like *Cowley*, write:
But thy own *Pen*, Time's vain Attempts will mock,
Whilſt eager *Youths*, in future Days, ſhall look,
Not on my *Verſe*, but thy *Gymnaſtick Book*.

When firſt the bold *Pancraticks* did engage,
And *Greece* encourag'd the *Olympian* Stage;
The uſe of *Wreſtling*, was a clumſy ſport,
An Artleſs Combat, and a rude Effort;
Till *Theſeus*, (that brave Demi-God!) at length,
Nature improv'd, and added *Art* to *Strength*.

Then

Then was the *Prize* attended with *Renown*,
And *Palms* and *Lawrel* did the *Victors* Crown;
Immortal *Heroes* to the *Liſt* deſcend,
And *Gods*, themſelves, for *Victory* contend.
Thus, when *Alcides*, for a *Foe* did call,
And urg'd the trembling Crowd to try a Fall,
His Sire, great *Jove*, (for ſo the *Poets* ſing)
In human *Shape*, deſcended to the *Ring*;
A *jolly Bulk*! around the *Sand* he trod,
And brawny *Fleſh* conceal'd the nervous *God*.

Long did the *Strife*, with equal Chance abide,
And undecided, till *Jove* lay aſide
The borrow'd *Shape*, which had the *God* bely'd,

Then the bold *Champion* (who had overthrown)
The huge *Antæus* (Earth's Gygantick *Son*!)
Submitted to the *Author* of his *Birth*:
So! harder 'tis to graſp with *Heav'n* and *Earth*!

The conquering *God* bore off th' immortal *Palm*,
And, ever ſince retain'd the * *Wreſtler*'s Name.

Thus, Sir, you ſee, the *Gods* aſſume a Part,
And Glory in the *Trophies* of your *Art*:
And as *Alphæus*, once, beheld his *Greece*,
Abound in *Sports*, and uſeful *Arts* of Peace,
So may our *Thames* behold her *Chiefs* renew,
Their wonted *Vigour*, when thus taught by *You*.

And ſince great ANNA had her *Monſters* too,
Her *Hydras*, and her *Centaurs* to ſubdue,
Let Yearly *Wreſtlings*, ſacred to her *Name*,
The *Toils* and *Labours* of her *Reign* proclaim.

Then vig'rous *Youths* will exerciſe the *Field*,
And fam'd *Olympia* to thy BUNNY yield:
Then new *Epocha's*, from thy *Sports* ſhall riſe,

* *Palæſtris.*

And future *Years* be reckon'd from thy *Prize*,
And *Men* ſhall queſtion where the *Date* to Place,
To thy new *Annals*, or to ANNA's *Peace*.

Then ſhall an *Active*, *Brave*, *Heroick* Breed,
To this effœminated *Race* ſucceed;
The limber *Minuet*, and fantaſtick *Shrugg*,
Shall yield the *Honour* to thy *Corniſh-Hugg*.
Then cheated *Damſels* ſhall no more *embrace*,
The feeble *Off-ſpring* of a *Pocky* Race;
But quit their *Bullies*, and diſcard their *Beaus*,
And, from thy *Ring*, their *Luſty Husbands* chooſe.

With Men, like *theſe*, our *Edward* waged War,
With *theſe*, he won at *Creſſy*, and *Poictier*,
With *theſe*, his *Queen* march'd to the duſty *Field*;
And made the ſtubborn *Scottiſh David* yield:
And whilſt the *Monarch* did his *Captive* bring,
And thro' vaſt *Crowds* convey'd the *Gallick King*,
His brave *Philippa*, to compleat the *Truce*,
Rode, in the *Triumph*, with her conquer'd *Bruce*.

Thus, were our *Britains*, in the Days of Old,
By *Sports* made hardy, and by *Actions* bold,
And were they, *now*, inur'd to *Exerciſe*,
And all their *Strugglings* were for *Virtue*'s *Prize*,
Man againſt *Man*, would not for *Pow'r* contend,
No *Luſt* of Wealth would *Hugg* a private *End*,
Nor *Each* would *Wreſtle* to *ſupplant* his Friend.

CLIO to *W. T.*

UPON HIS

St. CYPRIAN.

I Bluſh to think, I've *Youth* and *Liberty*,
Yet flag below, and cannot ſoar with *Thee*.

What

What does retard my Flight, O *Tunſtall* ſay,
My *Wiſhe* ſtretch their Wings to fly away,
But my dull *Fancy* bids their *Pinions* ſtay?
Attach'd to Earth, my *Muſe* declines thy Height,
Creeps here below, unequal to the Flight.
Thus little Birds from *Grove* to *Grove*, can fly,
And cheer the *Thickets* with their Melody,
But, with Diſdain, the ſoaring *Eagle* view,
And ſtrive, in vain, his *Tow'rings* to purſue.
It is becauſe thy brighter *Soul* is near
The laſt great Flight, and for the long Career,
Gathers its Beams, and now is doubly clear;
Refines, and Sparkles, as it nearer goes,
To the bright *Parent*, whence its Luſtre roſe.
How ſhould I, then, oppoſe my weaker Rays,
To the ſtrong Light of thy continu'd Blaze.
As well the *Lame*, may with the *Bard* contend,
As I, with *Thee*, the Height of Verſe aſcend.
Nor *Art*, nor *Learning* does Aſſiſtance bring,
Wild are my *Numbers*, and untun'd I ſing,
Whilſt I addreſs the Maſter of the String.

Oh, were my Verſes of thy Fame ſecure,
What is it *Tunſtall*, *Clio* wou'd endure?
Ev'en *Age*, and *Fetters*, and thy long *Reſtraint*
My *tender Limbs* would bear without Complaint.
Wit is not like our tranſitory *Friends*,
It ſeeks the *Priſon*, and the *Grave* attends.
It lays up for us an eternal *Fame*,
The *Poet* lives, when e'er we read his *Name*;
For tho' the *Body* moulders into *Clay*,
The *Soul* does, ſtill, in living *Numbers* ſtay;
Or elſe, what is that mighty *Pow'r* we find
Does ſo affect the *Readers* yielding *Mind?*
The Force of *Words* how often have I found,
How oft' turn'd *Pale*, and *trembl'd* at the *Sound?*
Thro' ev'ry *Vein*, th' enchanting *Spirits* go,
By *Turns* we ſhiver, and by *Turns* we glow,
And liſtning *Paſſions* either *ſink* or *riſe*,
Juſt as the *Poet* and his *Numbers* pleaſe.

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Such, *Tunſtall*, o'er my *Soul*, is thy Command;
So fine the *Point*, ſo maſterly the *Hand*!
The *Senſe* ſo nervous, and ſo rich the *Thought*!
Eaſy it ſits, and yet with *Labour* wrought!
So have I ſeen ſome *Robe* by KNELLER's *Art*,
Hang looſly o'er, yet fitting ev'ry Part;
The careleſs *Folds*, no painful *Strokes* reveal,
As if the *Pencil* would the *Hand* conceal,
And give to *Chance*, what was the *Painter*'s Skill.

JOVE's *Wedding-Day*.

To *Mr.* Withers, *to beg Leave for his Scholars to play upon* Mr—s *Wedding-Day*.

'TWAS on his *Wedding-Day*, when all
The *Gods* appear'd in *Jove*'s great *Hall*:
With equal Speed, and Joy, they preſt
To celebrate the *Nuptial Feaſt*.

SATURNUS, (pleas'd with th' Honours done
To the great *Goddeſs*, and his *Son*)
Bid *Ganymid* fill round the *Bowl*,
Rich *Nectar* round the Board did rowl,
And *Jove* and *Juno* rung from Pole to Pole.

At laſt the *Gods* became as merry,
As *Mortals* are with *Punch* and *Sherry*.
Appollo with his *Harp* advanc'd,
And all the *Stars* around them danc'd.
Jove threw his needleſs *Bolts* away,
And *Neptune*'s *Trident* near them lay.
Lame *Vulcan* bid his *Hammers* ceaſe;
And *Mars*, himſelf, declar'd for *Peace*.

Juno's

Juno's Peacocks laid aſide
Their empty *Vanities* and *Pride*;
And *Jove's* fierce *Bird*, to' expreſs his *Love*,
Sat pearch'd, and bill'd, with *Venus's Dove*.

But *Jove* (ſe'ing ne'er a *Cupid* there)
Ask'd *Venus* where the *Wantons* were.
The *Queen* of *Love* to *Jove* replies,
They're buiſy at their *Exerciſe*.

Some learning how to throw a *Dart*,
And dextrouſly to hit a Heart.
Others are taught to *ride*, and *skip*,
To mount an *Eye*, or ſit a *Lip*.
This, learns *Love Letters* to indict,
And *that*, to caſt up *Sighs*, and write.
To multiply a *Lady's Graces*,
And ſubſtract *Blemiſhes* from *Faces*.
Some taught to *ſing*, and ſome to *play*;
With *Fingers*, or with *Breath* to ſlay.
Some ſtudy, how with *Frowns* to cruſh,
With pointed *Glances* how to puſh,
And *when*, and *where*, and *how* to bluſh;
How ev'ry *Look*, and *Glance*, to watch,
And place the *High*, or *Low* Church *Patch*.
There *one* is taught the *Fan* to weild,
And ſpread it o'er the Eyes (like Shield)
That, from behind that Paper *Sconce*,
She may both *ward*, and *wound* at once;
And, there entrench'd, with ſubtle *Leer*,
To *pop* and *kill*, as nothing were.

Others are taught to make *Approaches*
With *Perriwigs* and gaudy *Coaches*,
To ſwear they *die*, and woo their *Dames*
With *Madrigals*, and *Anagrams*.
To admire a *Petticoat*, or *Lace*,
And call a *Pimple* a good *Grace*.
Some learn to ſtorm a *Heart* by force,
Compell'd to yield, for *better*, or *worſe*.

Some

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Some taught to dwindle in to *Cullies*,
And *ſome* to ſwell themſelves to *Bullies*,
To ſue their *Dames* with *Rodomantad's*,
To boaſt of *Battles*, and done *Deeds*,
Of *Sieges*. *Blood*, and *Saracens Heads*.
In fine, the're taught all *Arts* of *Wooing*,
Of *Billing*, *Kiſſing*, *Cuttery-cooing*,
Of *Cheating*, *Bilking*, and *Undoing*.

Quoth *Jove*, I beg, at leaſt, this Day,
The *Youngſters* may have Leave to play,
To rore, and revel thro' the *Court*,
And ſhew the *Deities* ſome Sport.

Then ſtreight, the little *Wantons*, all.
Diſmiſs'd from *School*, flew to the *Hall*,
And to great *Jove* did GRATIAS call.

Then you might ſee them ſit aſtride,
And on *Jove*'s pinion'd *Eagle* ride.
Some did on *Doves* of *Venus* rear,
And goad them on with *Mars*'s Spear.
Others on *Mars*'s Saddle got,
And rid his prancing *Steed* to' a Trot.

On any Day, but this, it wou'd
Have vext Old *Vulcan*, tothe Blood,
To ſee his, *Hammers*, *Anvil*, *Vice*,
That us'd to make *Bolts* for the *Skies*,
And beat out *Clubs* for *Hercules*;
That made the Sword which *Mars* did wield,
His *Head-Piece*, *Breaſt-Plate*, and his *Shield*,
To ſee them turn'd to making *Ginns*,
Tops, *Nutcracks*, *Scoops*, and *Darts* and *Pins*.
Jove laugh'd, and even burſt aſunder,
To ſee his *Lightning* and his *Thunder*
Now handl'd by the *Lads* in *Bibs*,
And turn'd to *Crackers*, and to *Squibs*.
Whilſt *Jav'ling*, *Lance*, and *Sword* of *Mars*,
Were each turn'd to a *Hobby-Horſe*.

Thus

Thus did the *Boys*, their *Arts* diſplay,
Thus did the *Godheads* paſs the Day
In jolly *Bowl*, and *Mirth*, away.

Then, WITHERS, (for ſome *Jovial* Hours)
Depoſe thy *Faſces*, and thy *Powers*,
Diſmiſs thy Boys, from *School* and *Rods*,
And imitate th' *Immortal Gods*.

ELIZA *Playing upon the Spinet.*

SONG.

I.

THO' fair *Eliza*, to conceal
The charming *Beauties* of her Eyes
Turns to her *Spinet*, yet we feel,
The fair *Eliza* can ſurprize.

II. She can her *Laws* on us impoſe,
And triumph, when ſhe does *retreat*;
As *Parthians* ſeem to fly their *Foes*,
The ſurer *Conqueſt* to compleat.

III. If in her blooming *Looks*, ſh' appears,
She, thro' the *Eyes* attacks the *Heart*,
But, when ſhe *Plays*, ſhe wounds the *Ears*,
And ev'ry *Finger* turns a *Dart*.

IV. The liſt'ning *Captives* 'round her ſtand,
And, whilſt each tuneful *Touch* th' admire,
They own the *Conqueſt* of her Hand,
And yield themſelves to *Chains* of *Wyre*.

V. But, if ſome hardy *Rebel*'s Choice
Bids a Defiance to the *Strings*;
Let but *Eliza* raiſe her *Voice*;
She gives no *Quarter* when ſhe *ſings*.

To

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To the ſame young Lady.

Upon my finding Two Queen Anne's *Guineas in my* Suuff-Box, *after She had borrow'd it for a Pinch of Snuff.*

EX TEMPORE.

NOW I'm convinc'd, what *Birds* of old have ſung,
The *World* from *Harmony*, and *Numbers* ſprung.
The mighty *Hand*, that bid the well-tun'd *Spheres*,
In *Time* and *Conſort* meaſure out the *Years*,
Did, from their *Chaos*, ſcatter'd *Attoms* call,
Juſt touch'd the *Duſt*, and form'd the *World*'s great *Ball*.

So fair *Eliza*, who to ſilent *Wyre*,
Can *Conſort* give, and tuneful *Notes* inſpire;
With the ſame *Fingers*, if ſhe pleaſe, can *mold*,
And make rude *Attoms* burniſh into *Gold*.
The yellow *Powder*, when HER *Fingers* preſs,
Aſſume both *Luſtre*, and Great ANNA'S Face.

The OMEN.

Upon the ſuddain Ceaſing of the Rain and Thunder, juſt when Mr.——— and his Bride were taking Coach to go to Church the firſt Sunday *after their Marriage.*

GO, happy *Pair*! and to the bounteous *Skies*,
Offer your *Hearts* a grateful *Sacrifice*.
For, tho' you're bleſſed in each others *Love*,
You ſtill conſider, there's a *Heav'n* above:

A *Heav'n* ! which will reward your pious Cares,
And ſhow'r down *Joys* and *Favours* on your *Pray'rs*,
Health, *Friendſhip*, *Love*, with *Plenty*, *Peace* and *Heirs*.

And, lo! 'tis granted—for the *Gods* I ſaw,
Bid *Winds* be ſilent, and the *Clouds* withdraw ;
That no rude *Storms*, or *Guſts*, might interpoſe
Betwixt the liſt'ning *Heavn*'s, and your *Vows*.
To ſuch two *Hearts*, join'd in one Sacrifice,
The conquer'd *Deity* no Grant denies :
I ſaw the *Ray* deſcend, I ſaw the *Vows* ariſe.

Rejoice, now WHEATLY, and prepare---they come,
With fruitful *Gifts* to fill thy ſpacious *Dome* ;
New *Joys*, new *Bleſſings* ſhall thy Walls adorn,
And, from this *Day*, an *Infant* ſhall be born ;
His *Grandſir*'s *Darling*, and his *Father*'s *Charge*,
Like *this*, a *B——n*, and like *that*, a *George*.

So when ſome *Roman Worthies* had obtain'd,
Their *Heroines*, and all their Wiſhes gain'd ;
To *Hymen*'s *Temple* they, in triumph went,
And pious *Fumes* were to his *Noſtrills* ſent.

He bleſs'd the genial *Torch*, and fan'd the *Flame*,
And, thence, a *Cæſar*, or *Auguſtus* came.

Damon's *Anſwer to* Cloe.

By C. W.

I.

OF all the mighty *Pow'rs* above,
Firſt *Damon* ſu'd to that of *Love*,
And, fondly, beg'd a *Nymph* to find,

Both *Fair*, and *Conſtant*, to his Mind.
The little *God*, with waggiſh *Ear*,
Heard *all*, but granted *Half* the Pray'r.
A *Fair Inconſtant*, *Damon* found;
She *chain'd* him faſt, then left him *bound*.

II. In Hopes his *Freedom* to retrieve,
Since *charming Cloe* could deceive,
Young *Damon Bacchus*, next, addreſs'd,
And pray'd to drive her from his *Breaſt*.
The jolly *God* the Doſe apply'd,
But *Damon*'s *Love* its Force defy'd:
The more he *drunk*, the more he found,
That *Wine inflam'd*, not *heal'd* his Wound.

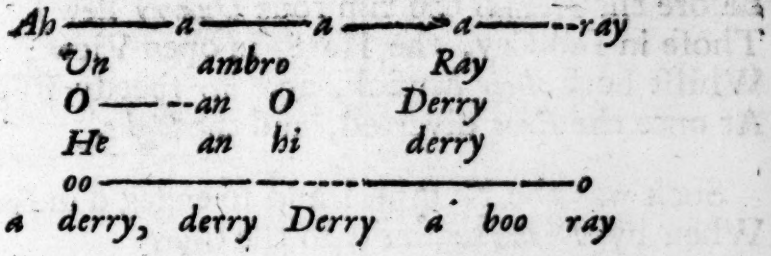
III. To *Phœbus*, then, he thus complains:
With *Muſicks* Charms unbind my *Chains*,
Or make my *Cloe* faithful prove;
For what can *Love* reward, but *Love*?
But, in ſoft Notes, he try'd, in vain,
To eaſe his *Mind*, and ſooth his *Pain*,
For when the *Swain* his *Lyre* had ſtrung,
He thought on *Cloe*, whilſt he *ſung*.

IV. At laſt young *Damon* try'd if *Mars*,
Would take his *Love*, or *Life* in *Wars*;
But, on the *March*, and in the *Fight*,
Falſe *Cloe*'s ever in his *Sight*.
With *fetter'd* Heart, what can he do?
His *Body's* made a Captive too.
Thus *doubly bound*, he makes his Moan,
And begs Relief of her alone.

V. Call me not *falſe* becauſe I ſtrove,
To cure my *own*, or fix *thy* Love.
Ceaſe to be *jealous* of *three Gods*,
Since, ſtill, in ſpite of all the *Odds*
My *Cloe*'s Charms more pow'rful prove,
Than all the *Deities* above.
Your *Chains*, with *Pleaſure*, let me wear,
However thoſe of *State* I bear.

TUNE.

TUNE.



The Narrative, *or* Beauty's Prize.

Upon a Lady of Quality, who was oblig'd to quit the Chace, by a ſudden Shower of Snow.

WHEN the great *Prize* of *Beauty* to decide,
Did, into *Parties*, all the *Gods* divide;
And the three *Deities*, the *Judge* to move,
Offer'd the Gifts of *Empire*, *Wiſdom*, *Love*,
Paris, ſuſpended in a doubtful Pauſe,
Did long the *Bribes* ſurvey, and long the *Cauſe*;
Perplex'd, and puzl'd, e'er the *Caſe* was heard:
So! much is *Juſtice* byaſs'd by *Reward*!

At laſt *Diana*, 'midſt the *Gods* aroſe,
To end the *Diſcord*, and the *Strife* compoſe.
Behold, ſays ſhe, the *Honours* of my Field
And the juſt *Præmium* to my N—k yield.

The noble *Heroine*, from Cares withdrawn,
That Day; purſu'd her Pleaſures o'er the *Lawn*.
Calm was the *Morning*, and the *Skies* ſerene,
And all things ſhining, like her *ſelf* were ſeen.
Urg'd, by her *Hand*, the preſſing *Steed* did bound,
And, wing'd with *Pride*, ſcarce ſeem'd to touch the Ground.

Unfolded *Treſſes* round her Shoulders play'd,
And *Crimſon Plumes* adorn'd the graceful *Head.*
Before the *Hounds* the tim'rous *Quarry* flew;
Thoſe in full Cry, the Hare, in open View;
Whilſt both *their* Muſick, and *her* ſpeedy Flight,
At once the *Ears* diverted, and the *Sight.*

Such was the Nymph! and ſo engag'd in *Sport*!
When by *Diana* tender'd to the *Court.*

Then the pretending *Goddeſſes* look'd down,
And bluſh'd, to ſee their *Deities* out-done.
With *Shame* ſuffus'd, and *Envy* in their Eyes,
To ſee their *Virtues, here,* without their *Vice.*
Venus her *Beauty, Juno* her *Grandure* ſpy'd,
That, without *Folly,* and *This,* void of *Pride.*
Pallas the *Plume* admir'd, and *Manly Dreſs,*
With all the *Sweetneſs* of a *Female Face:*
And, whilſt the *Judge,* determin'd now, prepar'd
To give the *Heroine* her juſt Reward;
Great *Jove,* grown jealous, leaſt the Heav'nly *Prize*
Should be attributed to human *Eyes,*
A Snowy CURTAIN drew 'twixt HER and *Heav'n*;
And, ſo, the *Præmium* was to *Venus* giv'n.

Upon a Cravat *Flouriſh'd by Mrs.* ----

WHEN *Mira* caſts around her conquering Eyes,
A thouſand *Victims* fall a Sacrifice:
No Bounds her *Charms* acknowledge but her *Will,*
And, whereſoe'er ſhe darts a Look, can kill.

Why ſhould ſhe, then, new *Artifices* find,
T' extend her *Pow'r,* and vanquiſh human Kind?
Cannot the pointed Rayes, ſhot from her *Eyes,*
Her graceful *Perſon,* and her *Mein* ſuffice?
But ſhe muſt triumph in acquir'd *Art,*
And turn her very NEEDLE to a *Dart.* Now,

Now, all thoſe *Hearts*, that durſt her Charms withſtand,
Muſt yield, when ſtorm'd, aud taken, SWORD in Hand:
And *ſuch* (if ſuch there are) that miſs'd her *Eye*,
Muſt now, by this unerring *Weapon*, Die.
So the skill'd *Poacher*, firſt the *Covey* ſets,
Then *ſhoots* the *Partridge* that eſcap'd his *Nets*.

Let other *Beauties* all their Stores unfold,
Their ſilver *Ribbons*, and their Chains of *Gold*,
The *Harveſt* will not recompence their Care,
SHEE reaps the *Wheat*, *they* only glean the *Tare*.
Some ſmall *Excurſions they*, perchance, may make,
Raiſe Contributions, or ſome Hoſtage take,
But SHEE the *Towns* inveſts, and thro' the *Lines* do's break.
For who defiance bids, or ſafe remains,
When *Muſlin* binds, and *Threads* are turn'd to Chains.
But *Threads*, nor *Muſlin*, could our Hearts command,
Unleſs conducted by fair MIRA's Hand.
Let but her *Her* Fingers guide the ſlender *Thread*,
And Men are willingly to *Bondage* led.
Thus bungling Anglers, *Dace* and *Chub* can kill,
With clumſy Line, a floating Cork and Quill!
But it requires a Maſter's Art and Care,
To rob the Waters with a ſingle Hair.

When from the Wars *Pentheſilea* came,
Loaded with Trophies and acquired *Fame*,
The haughty QUEEN, behind her Chariot brought
Kings, ſhe had conquer'd, *Nations*, ſhe had fought.
Naked, and chain'd, thro' gaping Crowds they thruſt,
And, only, cover'd were with Shame and Duſt;
Faintly they lagg'd, behind her guilded *Coach*,
The People's Laughter, and their own Reproach.

But the glad Slaves that wait in *Mira*'s Train,
Tho' *Captives* led, yet triumph in the Chain.
With Joy ſubmit *Her* grateful Yoke to bear,
And round their *Necks* the Marks of *Bondage* wear:
So the proud *Negro* (conſcious of no Shame)
Struts, in his *Plumes*, behind his beauteous *Dame*;

Each

Each Look he watcheth, runs at ev'ry Beck,
And glories in the *Collar* round his *Neck*.

For ſhame, *Ye* beauteous Nymps, for ſhame, unite,
Aſſert your Liberties, and curb her Might,
Shall *ſhe*, each Day, her *Monarchy* diſtend,
Invade each *Lover*, and ſubdue each *Friend?*
Have we, ſo long, 'gainſt boundleſs *Empire* fought,
And a long look'd for *Peace* ſo dearly bought?
And from their *Conqueſts*, ſhall our *Hero's* come,
To find a more deſpotick *Pow'r* at Home?
Then, all the Enſignes of your *Sex* diſplay,
And draw your *Squadrons* out, in bright Array;
Her univerſal Monarchy reſtrain,
Reſtore the *Ballance*, and your Towns regain.
But----vain I talk---- the Planets may aſſoon
Unite to pull the glorious *Phœbus* down.

'Tis WE (unwilling to be eas'd) ſupport
Her *Acquiſitions*, and maintain her *Court:*
Like *Turkiſh* Slaves, ſubmiſſively we wait,
And pawn *Our Liberties*, to make *Her* great.
Bent on our *Fate*, like dazl'd *Moths*, we fly,
Buz in the *Flame*, until we ſink, and die.
Your brighteſt Beams, are but like Stars by Night,
But *Mira*, tho' ſhe's *ſcorching*, ſhe is *bright*;
And, Men will rather burn, than want her Light.
Nor will ſhe, e'er, her laſting *Pow'r* reſign,
But when ſhe'll pleaſe to let her DAUGHTERS ſhine.

They, *they*, alone, are able to ſucceed,
To ſhare her *Empire*, and preſerve the Breed.
So *Theodoſius* (when he long had ſway'd,
And the whole Globe had Homage to him pay'd)
With Regal *Purple* did his *Sons* inveſt;
Bid *One*, the ORIENT command, the *Other*, rule the
WEST.

Poſt-

Poſtſcript.

I Need not make any Apology for publiſhing theſe Ballads, and other Poems, ſince my Friends, at leaſt, muſt be ſenſible, they are ſent into the Streets for the *Benefit* of my ſelf, and my Fellow-Priſoners.

If I would have been at the Expence, and Trouble, to have ſent into the Country to hunt out thoſe ſeveral Ballads and Poems, which I have formerly writ, as Occaſions offer'd, I could have retriev'd ſome Verſes, which were writ, when I had both more Fire, and Fancy, to ſupply the Materials, and more Liberty, and leſs Noiſe, to compile them together.

But, ſince theſe, I have now publiſh'd, are ſent a begging, I am not ſollicitous for thoſe, amongſt them, which are my own; becauſe Rags and Deformities move Compaſſion, and there is more to be got by ſhewing a Monſter, than the handſomeſt Creature upon the Face of the Earth.

I take

I take this Opportunity, to return ten Thouſand Thanks to thoſe *Perſons* of *Quality* and *Others*, who have been ſo generouſly candid to the Tranſlation of St. *Cyprian*; And I muſt beg Pardon of thoſe Ladies, whoſe Verſes I have here preſum'd to inſert amongſt mine: For, how defective ſoever Age and Dullneſs have made me, in the moſt ſubſtantial Parts of a Poet, I retain, at leaſt that of Vanity; and, ſince we aim chiefly to pleaſe that *Beauteous* and *Witty Sex*, we cannot but be fondeſt of thoſe Compliments, which come from *Thence*.

But, beſide the Honour, I had an Intereſt in it; like ſome Beggars, I have known, who borrow'd the Children of the Unneedy, to increaſe their own Number, and become more ſucceſsful at a Funeral Dole.

FINIS.

St. *Cyprian's*

DISCOURSE

TO

DONATUS.

Done into Engliſh Metre,

By WILLIAM TUNSTALL, Gent.

F.P.140 TRACT
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THE PREFACE.

WHEN I *first came into the* Marſhalſea, *I was ſurpris'd with a Viſit from a* * Lady, *and one of that* Sort *too, who are ſeldom found Conſtant, when either* Age *is at the* Heels, *or Misfortunes, have overtaken their* Admirers: *And indeed, when my* Muſe *was ſo kind, after a long Separation, to offer her ſelf a Companion in my* Troubles, *I could not without Ingratitude, but reſume the kind natur'd* Girl *into my Boſom, and accept the good Offices ſhe was ready to perform.*

The good Creature, *to ſmooth the* Shagreen *of* Impriſonment, *and renew, in my Mind, our former* Amours, *made it her Buſineſs to endear me to her by ſome gay Amuſements in* Rhyme *and as, ſhe was never ill-natur'd, I hope her* Ballads *gave no Offence to the* Town.

* My Muſe.

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PREFACE.

When she had thus sweeten'd me up, and taken off the Sowrness of Grey Hairs *and* Restraint, *she embrac'd me in her Arms, and, with a kind, tho' unwonted Gravity, said,* Prithee, *my Dear,* Let us at last, give over these Fooleries, and employ our Thoughts in something more serious —— I must needs own, *continu'd She,* when twenty Years had rais'd thee up to *Manhood,* and the Streams of *Life* began to flow from the rapid Source of *Youth,* I let thee run on thro' those purling and noisy *Trifles,* which are, generally, the Effect of the first Eruptions of *Fancy*: But since, now, thy *Current* is derived to the deep and muddy *Flats* of *Sixty,* a more silent and steddy Course, will become *Thee*; especially at an *Age,* when the *Tides* of *Time* are flowing in upon *Thee,* and thou art just *Ebbing* into the *Ocean* of *Eternity.*

As I was charm'd with her Sincerity, *so I was easily guided by her Perswasion, and, after I had craved her* Assistance, *I determin'd to finish this Piece out of St.* Cyprian, *which I had, some Time ago, begun.*

The Original *is in* Prose, *but admirably* (*I had like to have said* Poetically) *fine:* Erasmus *calls it an* Epistle, *of a, more than ordinary, elaborate* Stile, *and writ, as were, out of* Ostentation: *St.* Austin (*after he has quoted that Sentence, where he describes an* Arbour) *falls into Raptures, and cries out,* What a wonderful Affluence of unbounded *Eloquence* is here? *Tho' at the same Time, he condemns it in a* Christian Writer; *because,* says he, *That frothy and ambitious Circumlocution is, for the most Part, employ'd in adorning low and mean* Thoughts; *a* Dress *which ought never to be worn by solid and sublime* Conceptions. *He adds, that St.* Cyprian *writ this on Purpose,*

to

to ſhew (in his following Works) that he could wean *himſelf from this licentious* Redundancy *of Words, and adhere to that Modeſty, Simplicity and Gravity of* Stile, *which, every where elſe, he ſo ſtedfaſtly loves, ſo religiouſly obſerves, and ſo elaborately performs*: Qua propter, iſte Vir Sanctus & poſſe ſe oſtendit ſic dicere, quia dixit alicubi, & nolle, quoniam poſtmodo nunquam: *For which Reaſon, that* holy Man, *writ this, to ſhew that he* Could *do it, becauſe he did it* Once, *and that he would* Not *do it, becauſe he did it* No *where elſe.*

But, how unfit ſoever this ſumptuous Apparel may be for that neat and decent Simplicity, which becomes a Divine, We, *of the* Grub-ſtreet Tribe, *are fond of Bombaſt; and are very often forc'd to conceal the Deformities of a* Muſe, *under the Pretext of* Hoops *and* Furbeloes. *But in this Epiſtle, St.* Cyprian *hath ſet forth all the Strength and Comlineſs of* Reaſon, *in the gayeſt Ornaments of* Fancy *and* Diction, *and I am afraid my* Reader *will find I have only ſtript him of his eaſy, flowing, and magnificent* Robes, *to Lace him up in a ſtreight and pinching* Jerkin, *and whoever will be at the Pains to read the* Original, *will quickly condemn me both of Raſhneſs and Folly, till I have whiſper'd him in the Ear, that I did it purely to divert my ſelf in my* Confinement, *and for Subſiſtence, to ſupport me againſt the vaſt Expences of a* Jayl. *It prov'd indeed, a very hard* Tugg, *and conſidering how many* Steps *a Man muſt aſcend, before he can come up to the Sublimity of my* Author, *a Perſon of* Sixty Years *might, with juſt as much Hopes of* Gain *have propos'd to get a* Livelyhood, *by ſhewing the* Monument *(for a Penny a Time) when he was not able to* Climb *to the* Top, *above* twice *in a Day.*

But

PREFACE.

But when I was once ſtarted *(Pardon the Metaphor, I am a* Yorkſhire-man*) I was aſham'd to give out in the Midſt of the* Race; *for, when* Neceſſity *ſpurs, a Man* muſt *run on, tho' he is out of* Breath, *like a young* Jocky, *who* will *purſue an* ill *Match, tho' the* Odds *are Ten to One againſt him: My* Author *indeed, at firſt Sight, ſeems only to go a* Foot-pace, *but he treads on with ſuch a nervous* Stroke, *that he kept me perpetually at* Full Speed; *and, even ſo, I could ſeldom ſave my* Diſtance, *and, very often, was almoſt out of Sight.*

But, ſuch as it is, I have ventur'd to releaſe it from the Marſhalſea, *and give it the Liberty of the* Streets.

Hei mihi! Quod Domino ——

This Hint out of Ovid *puts me in Mind of that unlucky* Poet, *and (by way of* Excuſe, *for my ill Performance) bids me produce* Him *as an Inſtance, how hard it is to ſoar, when a Man is depreſs'd with a* Burthen *of Misfortunes; for tho' he carry'd his* Muſe *along with him, to* Pontus, *yet his* Exile *hung ſo heavy upon him, that the moſt Part of his* Elegies *(without Punning upon the Word* TRISTIBUS*) were very* ſad *ones.*

I thought to have printed the Latin Proſe, *on one ſide, and the* Verſion *on the other, but, beſides that it would have made the Impreſſion more expenſive)* Modeſty *forbad me; for a Man who had* Front *enough to do that, might, with the ſame* Impudence, *ſet up an* Ill Copy *in the ſame Room with one of Sir* Godfrey's Originals.

PREFACE.

I ſhall only venture to ſubjoyn to this Preface, *Three or Four Sentences, as a Specimen of St.* Cyprian's *Stile, and then, ſit down and* Bluſh *for what comes Behind.*

ARBOUR.

Dant ſeceſſum vicina ſecreta, ubi dum Erratici Palmitum lapſus, nexibus pendulis, per Arundines Bajulas repunt, viteam Porticum frondea tecta fecerunt.

WAR.

Madet Orbis mutuo Sanguine; & Homicidium, cum admittunt ſinguli, Crimen eſt; Virtus vocatur cum publice geritur.

GLADIATORS.

Homo occiditur in Hominis voluptatem, &, ut quis poſſit occidere Peritia eſt, Uſus eſt, Ars eſt; Scelus non tantum, geritur ſed & docetur.

COMEDIES.

Adulterium diſcitur, dum videtur; &, Lenocinante ad Vitia publicæ Auctoritatis malo, quæ pudica fortaſſe ad Spectaculum *Matrona* proceſſerat, de Spectaculo revertitur impudica.

JUDICATURE.

Inter Leges ipſas delinquitur, inter Jura peccatur; Innocentia nec illic, ubi defenditur, reſervatur; ſævit invicem Diſcordantinm Rabies, & inter Togas Pace rupta, forum Litibus mugit inſanum —— *Qui* ſedet Crimina vindicaturus, admittit; & ut Reus Innocens pereat, fit nocens Judex.

The

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PREFACE.

The MISER.

Non Cibus ſecuro Somnusve contingit: Suſpirat ille in Convivio, bibat licet Gemmas; & cum Epulis marcidum Corpus Torus mollior alto ſinu condiderit, vigilat in Pluma.

CROWN'D HEADS.

An tu vel illos putas tutos, illos ſaltem inter Honorum Infulas & Opes largas ſtabili Firmitate ſecuros, quos regalis Aulæ ſplendore fulgentes, armorum excubantium tutela circumſtat? Major illis quam cæteris metus eſt: Tam ille timere cogitur, quam timetur —— Ante ipſos terret Poteſtas ſua, quos facit eſſe terribiles; Quam ſecuros non ſinit eſſe Subjectos, tam neceſſe eſt, non ſit, & ipſe, ſecurus.

W——T——

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St. CYPRIAN

TO

DONATUS.

DONATUS, You, as opportunely, ask,
As I am willing to resume the Task;
Both *Time* and *Place*, with your Request, Conspire,
And *Nature* seems to second your Desire;
When the *Vindemial* Festivals appear
To crown with Plenty the declining Year,
T' unbend the Mind, and relevate our Care.

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Nor is the *Place* leſs grateful than the *Day*,
With *Joys* unmix'd, to chaſe the Time away;
When ripen'd Gardens all their Charms Diſpenſe,
T' allure the Fancy, and oblige the Senſe:
When balmy *Zephyr*, on his ſpangl'd Wings,
The fragrant Gales of Weſtern Odours brings;
And *Flora*, deck'd in all her full-blown Sweets,
The kind Approaches of *Autumnus* meets.

Here, a Retreat our vacant Hours may find,
With ſolid Precepts to inſtruct the Mind,
To entertain it with a pious Feaſt,
And breath our *Souls* into each others *Breaſt*.

And, that our Converſation may be free
From the rude Clamours of the Family;
That no profane By-ſtanders may intrude,
Let us retire into the Neighb'ring Wood;
Where, cool, and free from Noiſe, we may recline
Beneath the Umbrage of yon ſhady Vine;

Whoſe

Whoſe graſping *Tendrels* round their Props aſcend,
And, o'er our Heads, in verdant Wreaths, impend;
On ev'ry Side the wandring *Branches* ſtray,
To intercept the *Sun*, and cool the Day,
Each twiſted *Scion* to each other cleaves,
And, by a nat'ral Intertexture, weaves
A Houſe of *Branches*, and a Roof of *Leaves*.

'Tis pleaſant, here, our Studies to collate;
And, whilſt our *Eyes* the *Proſpects* recreate;
A double Pleaſure does the *Soul* invite,
The *Ear* inſtructs *her*, and the *Eyes* delight.

But you contemn the gawdy Shew of Flow'rs,
The ſhady *Poplars* and the leafy *Bow'rs*;
On me your Eyes are fix'd—— Your only Care
Is, to imbibe the Documents you hear,
With eager *Mind*, and *Looks* attent you watch,
And ev'ry *Accent*, as it falls, you catch.

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But what, *DONATUS*, from my *Tongue* can flow,
Or fit, for me to ſpeak, or you to know?
My *Soil* no Flow'rs of *Rhet'rick* can emit;
So dry my Fancy, ſo jejune my Wit!
Nor, from my barren *Genius*, can you hope
To reap the Plenty of a fruitful Crop.
Yet, ſince the Nature of my *Theme* conſpires
To aid my Wants, and favour your Deſires,
I will begin ——

In the Contentious Wrangles of the *Bar*,
Let the vain *Pleaders*, with affected Care,
The noiſy Pomp of *Eloquence* prefer:
But, when of *God*, and Things Divine, we preach,
Plain be our Diction, and *ſincere* our Speech;
Thoſe *Arguments* that muſt our Faith convince,
Reſt not on labour'd *Words*, but nervous *Senſe*,

Hear then, *DONATUS*, and attend my *Song*,
Not *big* with bombaſt *Eloquence*, but *ſtrong*;

Not

Not daub'd with *Paint*, nor proud with borrow'd
Dreſs,
T' allure the Favour of the *Populace*,
But with Divine, and ſimple *Truths*, array'd,
Plain to the *View*, but pow'rful to perſwade;
Hear, what's perceiv'd before it can be taught
Not gain'd by Study, or by Labours ſought,
But, by a ſuddain Flaſh of quick'ning *Grace*, is
wrought.

When I, in *Fogs*, and gloomy Night, was loſt,
And o'er the World's tempeſtuous *Billows* toſt;
Oppreſt with *Errour*, ſenſeleſs of my State,
I blindly wander'd, and indulg'd my *Fate*:
Then I, (ſuch was my *Ignorance*!) believ'd,
What *God* had promis'd, could not be atchiev'd;
That, by no *Energy* of Saving *Pow'r*,
Man could become, what *Man* was not before;
Nor, by Immerſion in the ſacred *Bowl*,
Could be repleniſh'd with a new-born *Soul*;

Could

Could riſe, regenerate, from *Death* and *Sin*,
The ſame *without*, but chang'd, all o'er *within*.

How is it poſſible, ſaid I? how ſtrange,
Is ſuch a ſpeedy and effectual *Change*?
What ſecret *Virtue* can thoſe *Crimes* diſpel,
Which Fleſh and Blood have render'd natural?
Fix'd, by Connivance, in their harden'd Seat,
And, by *Preſcription*, grown inveterate.

Deep, in my Soul, this Prejudice was lay'd:
What Mortal Man, ſaid I, to Plenty bred,
Can quit the *Luxury* of *Feaſts* and *Wine*,
To drink cold *Water*, and on *Roots* to dine?
What *pamper'd* Monarch can himſelf depoſe
From uſe of *Purple* and embroider'd *Cloaths*?
He ſtruts in *Crimſon*, daub'd with Golden Lace,
And ſcorns the homely, courſe, Plebeian *Dreſs*.
Inur'd to *Paraſites*, and fawning *Knaves*,
To Crouds of *Fav'rites*, and obſequious *Slaves*,

He

He hates to quit the Hurry of the Town,
And dreads the very Thoughts of be'ng *alone.*
The gloomy *Solitude* no Pleaſure grants,
His *Friends* are vaniſh'd, and his *Pimps* he wants ;
His Vice, muſt ſtill, be fed with freſh Delight,
Ambition, *Rapine*, *Pride*, and *Luſt* invite,
Rage muſt inflame, and *Drunkenneſs* incite.

This, often, in my Boſom, I revolv'd,
Yet ſtill continu'd blind, and unreſolv'd ;
For tho' the Horrors of a vicious Life
Rais'd in my *Breaſt* a conſcientious Striſe ;
Yet to my *Bent* ſo ſtrictly was I ty'd,
So! were we, by long Uſe, become ally'd.
That, void of *Hopes*, I deſp'rately went on,
And pamper'd *Vice* as my own darling *Son.*
But when the Sacred expiating * Streams
Had cleans'd my Boſom and atton'd my Crimes ;
When, from above, an Heav'nly Ray was ſhot,
Which a regenerated Soul Begot ;

* *Baptiſm.*

Then

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Then did new *Light*, new *Faith*, themſelves diſcloſe,
And I, new-born, from *Sin* and *Darkneſs* roſe:
My *Fears* then vaniſh'd, and my *Doubts* were clear'd,
And what before ſeem'd difficult and hard,
Now, eaſy, plain, and evident, appear'd.
Thus Human *Faculties*, that owe their Birth,
To the Corruptions of Polluted *Earth*,
Are prone to *Malice*, and to *Vice* inclin'd;
But the bright *Virtues*, that adorn the Mind,
Diſpos'd to good, a nobler *Birth-right* boaſt,
Begot, and nouriſh'd, by the *Holy Ghoſt*.

DONATUS, you, as well as I, can tell
What happy Changes, in our Souls befel,
When they, from *Errors* cleans'd, did firſt begin
To live to *Virtue*, and to die to *Sin*.
You know, —— Nor vainly do I this relate,
Or, to ourſelves, the Glory arrogate:

For

For when our *Weakneſs* is declar'd,
And all our Conqueſts are to *Heav'n* referr'd,
We can't be deemed inſolent, or proud ;
'Tis not *Preſumption*, but our *Gratitude*.
From *God*'s diſpenſing Bounty 'tis, we *move*,
Have Pow'r to *Live*, to *Act*, to *Hope*, to *Love*
His is the Vigour, and the *Grace* is *His*,
If, whilſt on Earth, enlighten'd Mankind ſees
Sure Indications of his future *Bliſs*.
Sure ! —— If a watchful *Fear* ſtands at the *Door*,
To guard and keep his *Innocence* ſecure ;
That, whilſt within his hoſpitable *Breaſt*,
He feaſts and entertains his *Heav'nly Gueſt*,
No raſh *Security* may make him grow
Remiſs, and re-admit his ancient *Foe*.

But if in *Virtue*'s Path you perſevere,
And, ſtill to what you have begun, adhere ;
Then, as the Heav'nly *Benefits* encreaſe,
Grow, ſtill more bold, for larger *Portions*, preſs ;

The *Liberty* advanceth with the Store,
The *more* you have, you ſtill may ask for *more*.
Nor are they like terreſtrial *Gifts*, confin'd
Within the Compaſs of a narrow *Mind*;
But, ſtill *beneficent*, no Boundry's know,
Are always *permanent*, and always *flow*;
With *Tides* of *Bliſs* inceſſantly they rowl,
At once repleniſh, and enlarge the Soul.
Pure only be thoſe *Veſſels*, which we bring,
Our *Thirſt* to ſatiate at this ſacred *Spring*,
And each, his due proportion'd Bounty hath,
According to the *Meaſure* of his *Faith*.

Hence 'tis we draw ſpecifick *Balm* of *Truth*,
T' expel the *Rancour* of our poiſon'd *Youth*;
To purge the *Frenzy* of a wilder'd Brain,
Reſtore its *Reaſon*, and dilute the *Stain*;
The *Veil* withdrawn, our Souls become all clear;
New Scenes of *Virtue*, *Love* and *Peace* appear;
Our *Looks* are modeſt, and our *Words* ſincere.

Hence

Hence we derive that exorciſing Pow'r,
Unclean and wand'ring *Spirits* to *conjure*,
To diſpoſſeſs them of the *Holds* they gain,
In the deluded Souls of captiv'd *Men*.
With *Stripes* we urge them, and with *Fire* we burn,
And, by *Increaſe* of *Pain*, force their Return;
The vanquiſh'd *Fiends*, with Shame deſcend below,
And *howl*, and *hiſs*, and *murmur*, as they go.

Great are theſe *Wonders*! But the Pow'rs above,
From human Eyes, th' Efficient Cauſe remove;
For tho' Celeſtial *Rays* of *Virtue* ſhine
All o'er the Soul, and render it divine,
Yet, whilſt we, here remain attach'd to Earth,
And ſhare the Imperfections of our Birth,
Still, gloomy *Fogs*, from *Fleſh* and *Blood*, will riſe,
To cloud the *Reaſon* and obſcure the *Eyes*.

How great, *Donatus*, and what Sov'reign *Rule*,
Attends a pure and expiated *Soul*!

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Not only, thus the *Malice* to oppoſe
Of Carnal *Treaſons*, and Inteſtine *Foes*,
But with undaunted Courage, to repel,
The grand *Alliance* of the *World* and *Hell*.

But to demonſtrate more theſe *Gifts* divine,
And make the *Truth* in brighter Colours ſhine,
I'll from the *World*, withdraw the Shades of Night,
And lay its *Follies* open to the Sight.
Stripp'd of its *Honours*, and alluring *Dreſs*,
The cheating *Viſard*, and the painted *Face*;
How *monſtrous* will the naked *Idol* ſeem,
How little worth our *Incenſe* or *Eſteem*?

Imagine then, *Donatus*, now we ſtand
Upon ſome vaſt exalted *Point* of *Land*;
Whence, free from the *Contagions* of the *Age*,
We may behold the miſerable *Stage*;
And all around, extend the boundleſs *Eye*,
And the wide *Compaſs* of the *World* deſcry.

A gen'rous *Pity*, then, will fill your *Mind*.
To view the wretched *State* of human *Kind*,
Floating on *Waves*, and hurry'd down the *Tyde*,
With *Shelves* and *Sands* beſet on ev'ry Side;
Whilſt you (tho' ſtill with *Horrour* in your *Looks*)
Will view the *Dangers* paſt, and diſmal *Rocks*,
And, doubly grateful, bleſs th' Almighty *Pow'r*,
Which, thus, has plac'd you ſafe upon the *Shore*.

A Deſcription of the Pagan-Age.

W A R.

See! How the *Globe* beneath *Oppreſſion* grieves;
Seas fill'd with *Pyrates*, and the *Roads* with *Thieves*;
Contending *Armies* o'er the *Fields* are ſpread,
Imbru'd with *Blood*, and cover'd with the *Dead*.
Slaughter, and *Horrour* ev'ry where abounds,
For widen'd *Empires*, or diſputed *Crowns*:
Murder, when *ONE* commits it, is a *Crime*,
But *Crowds* add *Sanction*, *Merit*, and *Eſteem*.
The *poor Offender* is to Judgment led,
Whilſt the ſucceſsful *Villain* (that can tread

On

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On Regal *Purple*, and inſult the *Laws*)
Is crown'd with *Diadems* and loud *Applauſe*;
And, to *Impunity*, the beſt Pretence,
Is not the ſacred Plea of *Innocence*,
But ſome *extravagant* and *vaſt Offence*.

CITY.

Now, to the *City*, if you turn your *Eye*,
What dreadful Miſchiefs will you there, deſcry?
Not all the *Horrours* of the ſavage *Wood*,
The Pois'nous *Inſects*, or the ravenous *Brood*
Afford ſuch *Monſters*, as you, *there* will meet,
In the tumultuous Hurry of the *Street*.

GLADIATORS.

See! *There*, the *Gladiators* mount the Stage,
To ſlay each other with affected *Rage*,
And feaſt the *People* with the diſmal Sight,
Where *Man* is ſacrific'd to *Man*'s Delight.
The Slaves are pamper'd with luxurious *Food*,
To fill their *Nerves* with *Strength*, their *Veins* with *Blood*:

Vaſt

Vaſt *Leaves* of Fat diſtend each ſtrutting Side,
And *Rolls* of brawny *Fleſh*, the *Back* divide;
Slick are their *Bodies* with expenſive *Care*,
That, ſtill, their *Slaughter* may become more *dear*,
And, whilſt their *Limbs* are, *thus*, with *Juices* ſtrong,
Their *Deaths* may be more exquiſitely *long*.

Nor would this *Show*, Mens Expectations fill,
Were they not practis'd in the brutal Skill,
With dext'rous Slight and Stratagems to *kill*.
Death is a *Science*, and the greateſt Praiſe
Is due to *Him* who *Kills* with greateſt *Grace*;
And publick *Murders* are not only ſeen,
But *Art* is added to compleat the *Sin*.

Thus fed to *Slaughter*, and thus form'd by *Art*,
The *Wretches* mount to act the *Tragick* Part!
The *Mob* attends them with a *Grim* Delight,
Applauds each *Blow*, and *eggs* them on to fight.

Till

Till, *gor'd* with *Wounds*, the gaſping *Vanquiſh'd* dies,
To glut the *Longings* of inſatiate Eyes.

But *Theſe* are *Vaſſals* of ignoble *Birth*,
Bred up in *Slavery*, and doom'd to *Death*:
But, what, *Donatus*, can of *theſe* be ſaid,
Who, born to *Honours*, and in *Plenty* bred,
Not *urg'd* by *Want*, or *ſentenc'd* for ſome *Crime*,
But *Youthful*, *Opulent*, and in their *Prime*,
Yet, vainly *bold*, and laviſh of their *Breath*,
Amidſt the *Lyons* court a certain *Death*.

The D E N.

All richly dreſs'd, the gawdy *Youths* ſtep out,
With *Pride* inflam'd, and *arrogantly* ſtout,
Invade the *Savage* in his horrid *Cave*;
No *Strength* to conquer! and no *Hopes* to ſave!

The *Son*'s in *Danger*, and the *Sire* ſtands by,
T' approve his *Courage*, and the *Breed* to try;
And the *bold Siſter* ſees her *Brother* die.

Nay,

Nay, that his *Fate* more ſolemn may appear
The *Mother*'s ſeated in the *Theatre*,
To grace his *Exit* with an impious *Tear*;
And yet (*Unnatural*! and vile *Diſgrace*!)
She *buys* a *Ticket* to ſecure a *Place*;
Forgets both *Human* and *Maternal* Ties,
And, while *ſhe* thus attends his *Obſequies*,
Thinks *ſhe* commits no *Murder* with her *Eyes*,

The STAGE.

Now, from theſe *Scenes* of *Slaughter*, *Blood* and *War*,
If you ſurvey the *Tragick Theatre*;
No leſs *Contagions* you will find to blame,
The ſame the *Horrour* and the *Guilt* the ſame,
At once, to move your *Anger* and your *Shame*.

TRAGEDIES.

The skill'd *Tragedians*, in labour'd *Verſe*,
The *Villanies* of *Ages* paſt rehearſe;
And, leſt the *Horrour* of remoteſt *Crimes*
Should be forgotten in ſucceeding Times,

They rake into the *Filth* of ev'ry Age,
And bring their very *Inceſts* on the *Stage*.
Murder and *Parricides* ſo well they act,
You'd think your ſelf e'en *Witneſs* to the Fact.
The *Force* of *Action*, and the Charms of *Speech*,
With ſo much *Energy* the Senſes reach,
That Men are mov'd (whilſt *they* the Deeds relate)
Once more, what has been done, to perpetrate.
No Length of *Years* a *Villany* can ſcreen
From the lewd Searches of the vicious *Scene*;
But *Crimes*, which, *long*, in dark *Oblivion* lay,
Are now, for our *Example*, brought to *Day*;
And fleeting *Time* (that in his Shades conceals
The *Shame* of *Ages* paſt) now, at his *Heels*,
Is forc'd to drag a *Chain* of long repeated *Ills*.

COMEDIES.

Nor will you, leſs, condemn the *Mimick*'s Art,
When he ſteps forth to *Play* his wanton *Part*.
Hither the *Rake*, the *Beaus* and *Bullies* come,
Either to hear, what they have done at Home,

Or

Or elſe to be inſtructed in the *Skill*,
To exerciſe ſome new invented *Ill*.
Here, the *Contagion* of *Adultery*
Infects the *Heart*, thro' the deluded *Eye*,
And eaſy *Dames* (ſeduced by the *Stage*,
And lewd *Examples* of an impious Age)
Are fill'd with *Paſſion*, and with *Fury* burn;
Tho' *chaſte* they came, *corrupted* they return.

EUNUCHS

What Growth of *Vice*! What Nouriſhment of *Sin*!
What ſtricteſt Morals can, without a *Stain*,
Amidſt th' Inticements of the *Stage* remain?
Where Men themſelves, with painful *Shame*, diſgrace
Both human *Laws*, and *Nature*'s Rules trangreſs,
To gain a *Beardleſs* and *Effeminate Face*.
The vig'rous Graces of the Manly *Look*,
Into a tender Female *Air* are broke;

And *Him* (who *moſt* from *Manhood* can deſcend)
The pleaſed *Auditors* do moſt commend;
The *low'r* he ſinks, his Praiſe *advanceth* ſtill;
And, by his *Impudence*, they judge his *Skill*.
When, to ſuch *Softneſs*, Man himſelf degrades,
He moves the *Paſſions*, and the *Will* perſwades;
Thro' ev'ry Senſe he ſteals with ſubtle Art,
And forceth all the Out-works of the Heart;
Whilſt the *Connivance* of th' applauding *Town*
Gilds o'er the *Pill*, and ſends it glibly down.

Impiety of the S T A G E.

The GODS, at laſt, are brought to crown the *Farce*,
Their wanton *Venus*, and adult'rous *Mars*;
Nay, JOVE himſelf, their darling GOD, is ſhewn,
More, by his *Vices* than his *Empire*, known:
With *Thunder* arm'd, and *Lightning* in his Hands,
HE, meanly, to terreſtrial *Love* deſcends;
To gain his *Luſts*, ſometimes he quits his Pow'r,
And dwindles to a Swan, or Golden Show'r;

Or

Or elſe, his *Eagles*, with a ſordid Flight,
Deſcend to lodge him with ſome *Catamite*.

Sad the Condition of ſuch Wretches, when
The GODS are brought t' adminiſter to *Sin!*
How is it poſſible that Men can be,
From *Vice* exempted, or from *Paſſions* free,
Who think themſelves oblig'd, on *Duty*'s Score,
To imitate the *Godheads* they adore?

PRIVATE INCESTS.

But oh! *Donatus*, from this lofty *Height*,
Into their *Cloſets* could you force your Sight;
And, from their *Doors*, the conſcious *Hinges* wreſt,
To bring their Covert *Wickedneſs* to Teſt,
There you would ſee, committed in the *Cell*
What even *Impudence* forbids to tell;
Without Remorſe, and infamouſly bold,
They act what, ev'n, is ſinful to behold;
And, tho' the Fact, in Publick, they deny,
Yet, ſhameleſs, to the ſame Offences fly.

Nay,

Nay, what is worſe (nor do I judge amiſs)
So are they *hard* and profligate in *Vice*!
That, each his Neighbour with Reproaches hits,
Whilſt he, *himſelf*, the very Crime commits;
If, from the Publick, they their Sins conceal,
They think themſelves acquitted of the Ill;
Laugh at the *Stingings* of a *Self-Reproof*,
As if that Plague, *alone*, were not enough.

What frontleſs Impudence, to damn that Fact,
Which without Scruple, they in private Act?
Nor think they ſtand, by ſuch a mean *Pretence*,
Againſt themſelves, both *Judge* and *Evidence*.

COURTS of JUSTICE.

Now, from the Proſpect of the Plagues of *War*,
And the Contagions of the *Theatre*,
The noiſy *City*, and its diſmal Views,
Of publick *Murders*, and of private *Stews*,
Fain would I eaſe the *Labours* of your Sight,
And lead you to ſome Proſpect of *Delight*.

And

And, ſure, you may, at *leaſt*, expect to ſee
The *Courts* of *Juſtice* from Corruption free;
Untainted with the *Stains* of publick Crimes,
Nor hurry'd down the Current of the Times.
But *thence*, alas! your weeping Eyes you'll turn,
And the ſad Want of *Exil'd* JUSTICE mourn.

Tho' cut on *Marble*, and in *Braſs* enrac'd,
Before their Eyes, the fix'd *Decrees* are plac'd,
Yet the twelve *Tables*, nor the ſettl'd Law,
Direct the *Judges*, or their *Sentence* awe.
But *Innocence*, ev'n *there*, is moſt oppreſs'd,
Where *moſt* it ſhould expect to be redreſs'd.

With *Jars* concerted wrangling *Pleaders* bawl,
And ſeeming *Anger* fills the ſounding *Hall*,
Whilſt Favour to the rich Offender's ſold,
And Want of *Innocence*, is Want of *Gold*.
In grim Array, all round, the Lictors ſtand,
And Tortures menace Death on ev'ry Hand;

Racks,

Racks, Halters, Gibbets, ready to fulfill
The Juror's Malice, or the Judge's Will.

Amidſt theſe Terrours, what Relief is ſeen?
What *Friend* to aid, what *Patron* to ſubvene?
The *Lawyer*? —— He prevaricates for Gold:
The *Judge*? —— His Sentence is already ſold;
To curb *Offenders* on the Bench *He* ſits,
Yet, the ſame Crimes, he ſhould condemn, admits;
And, that the *Guiltleſs* may *unjuſtly* fall,
The Judge *himſelf* becomes a Criminal.

Thro' ev'ry *Court* the flagrant Malice ſpreads,
And Villanies employ deſigning Heads;
Improbity and Vice the Boſom ſtain,
And pois'nous Rancour runs thro' ev'ry Vein.

There, in his Cauſe, unjuſtly one ſucceeds,
By *perjur'd* Witneſſes to ſpurious Deeds:

Here,

Here a falſe *Title* to Poſſeſſion ſteals,
By lawleſs Entries, or by forged Wills;
And whilſt proud Aliens revel in their Stead,
The Friendleſs Heirs are ſent to Strole for Bread.

Expos'd to Obloquie, there *Juſtice* ſtands,
Reproach'd by Foes, and deſtitute of Friends:
Defam'd by *Envy*, and by perjur'd Tools,
A Prey to Malice, and a Scorn to Fools;
And, whilſt her *Cauſe* is, thus, betray'd by Tongues,
Conduc'd to ſwear, and proſtitute to Wrongs,
A mercenary Sentence ſways the *Scales*,
And bold Malignity 'gainſt *Right* prevails.

Thus all thoſe *Honours*, which our Laws did boaſt,
In Bribes, and inſolent Contempt are loſt;
And no Man dreads to perpetrate a Vice,
If he is able to depoſe the *Price*.

Amidſt the *Bad*, he ſins, who dar's amend,
And, not to Imitate, is to Offend.
The Bench connives, whilſt Cuſtom leads the Will,
And what is *Publick*, ceaſeth to be *ILL*.

But leſt you think induſtriouſly I find
Objects t' offend your Eyes, and vex your Mind,
I'll now conduct you to thoſe gawdy *Toys*,
Which Men miſtake for their ſupremeſt *Joys*.

PRIDE and AMBITION.

To Rule the *City*, and Command the *Field*,
Are ſpecious Bubbles, with vain Honours ſwell'd;
The Luſt of *Empire*, and unbounded *Rule*,
Engage the buſie, proud, ambitious *Fool*:
Increaſe of *Riches* fills the tortur'd Brains
Of heavy Magiſtrates in Golden Chains.
Pride, *Wealth*, and *Pow'r* invite to their Embrace,
With painted Forehead, and a ſmiling Face,

But

But ſtrip each *Flatt'rer* of its borrow'd Airs,
And a diſeas'd, corrupted *Jilt* appears.
So *Poiſon*, when in Golden Veſſels plac'd,
With *Colour* feign'd, and medicated *Taſte*,
The grateful *Flavour*, and the glitt'ring *Cup*,
To heedleſs Mortals recommend the *Sup*;
But when the ſeeming *Cordial* is down,
Thro' ev'ry Vein the ſecret Rancours run.

See, there, a *Wretch*, in coſtly Purple dreſt,
Seems, to himſelf, to ſhine above the reſt;
But e'er he came this pompous *Show* to make,
What ſordid Drudg'ries did he undertake?
How many watchful Mornings did he wait,
At ſome great *Fav'rite* Stateſman's crowded Gate?
With fawning *Geſtures*, and a cringing *Bow*,
To court a haughty ſupercilious *Brow*?
With what unmanly *Patience* did he brook
His inſolent and contumelious *Look*?

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And when, abroad, his *Patron* did appear,
On publick Buſineſs, or to take the *Air*,
How did the Sycophant before him fly,
To point his *Footſteps*, or to catch his *Eye*?
Wedg'd up in Crowds, how did he toil and ſweat,
That, in his Turn, when *Fortune* made him *Great*,
He might, himſelf, one Day, enjoy the Pride,
Behind a *Crowd* of whiffling *Slaves* to ride?
Slaves! that his *Office*, and not *Him*, adore,
And *only* are obnoxious to his *Pow'r*,
And where the *Mace*, or Golden *Scepters* tend,
Not to the *Man*, but to the *Badges* bend.

But, when the Breath of Popular Applauſe,
From the diſgrac'd, abandon'd THING, withdraws;
The giddy *BUBBLE*, from its lofty Sphere,
With noiſleſs *Burſt*, is ſcatter'd into Air.
Deſpis'd, degraded, and without a Friend,
No *Slaves* t' applaud, no *Servants* to attend,
Alone he wanders, and bemoans his his End.

Then

Then the poor Wretch reflects a conſcious *Eye*,
And views the *Ruins* of his Family;
His *Jewels* pawn'd, and mortgag'd *Lands* deplores,
And ſighs, *unpity'd*, for exhauſted *Stores*.
Stores vainly laviſh'd, only to careſs,
The fickle *Voices* of the *Populace*!

What ſtrange Ambition! thus, himſelf to rob,
To court, by Feaſts and Shews, the faithleſs *Mob*!
The very *Means* th' expected *End* deſtroys,
And neither *Side* the Benefit enjoys;
For, whilſt the *Candidate* profuſely gives,
What the gull'd *Voter*, without Gain, receives;
Both are deluded with the fruitleſs *Coſt*,
And all the *Honours*, in th' *Expence*, are loſt.

COVETOUSNESS.

See, there, a *Miſer*, with inſatiate Luſt,
Purſuing *Wealth*, and periſhable *Duſt*.
The *Poor* oppreſs'd, he from his Confines ſends,
And, all around, his boundleſs Lands extends:

Where

Where, neither *Fraud*, nor *Argument* prevails,
His Pow'r *uſurps*, and Tyranny *compels*;
Parks to a *Chace* are turn'd, the *Chace* to a *Foreſt*
ſwells,
Heaps upon *Heaps*, of hoarded Wealth are roll'd;
The lab'ring *Beams* can, ſcarce the *Stores* uphold,
And conſcious *Cellars* ſweat with hidden *Gold*.

And yet, amidſt this Affluence of Store,
The wealthy *Wretch* is miſerably *Poor*:
His tortur'd Mind, oppreſs'd with anxious Care,
Still thinks a *Robber* or ſome *Thief* is near;
A thouſand *Jealouſies* his Soul moleſt,
Leſt, ſome more *pow'rful*, ſhould his Lands inveſt,
Or ſome, more *rich*, his Titles ſhould diſpute,
And force him to a long vexatious *Suit*.
No *Joy* his Heart, at *Bed* or *Table*, greets,
He *dreams* with *Horrour*, and in *Fear* he *eats*;
And when, from *Meals*, his marcid *Careaſs* goes,
To court *Retirement* for a ſhort *Repoſe*,

Tho'

Tho' ſofteſt *Pillows* do his *Head* aſſume,
And fold it gently in their yielding *Plume*,
He wakes in *Down*, and ev'n the *Bed* denies
Eaſe to his *Mind*, or Slumbers to his *Eyes*:
Dark, ghaſtly *Phantoms* haunt his anxious *Soul*,
And heavy *Moments*, round his reſtleſs *Temples*
Roll.

Nor does the *Miſer*, all this while, perceive,
That he, to ſpecious Fetters, is a *Slave*.
The *more* he has, he ſtill enjoys the *leſs*,
He does not *Gold*, but *Gold* does him poſſeſs.
And, Oh deteſtable abandon'd Fool!
Such is the Blindneſs of the wretched Tool!
Tho' ready *Ways*, before his Eyes are ſet,
To eaſe his *Shoulders* of the galling *Weight*,
Yet he purſues the rugged dreery *Road*,
Moils in the *Mire*, and aggravates his *Load*.

The

The waiting *Client*, and the craving *Poor*
Are, *unrewarded*, baniſh'd from his Door;
The Cries of *Orphans*, and the *Widows* Tears,
Can neither move his *Eyes*, nor reach his *Ears*;
To Goodneſs blind, the pertinacious Brute,
Is deaf to Clamours, and to Pray'rs is mute;
And ſuch ſtrong *Locks* his uſeleſs Treaſures bind,
To which, no *Key*, ev'n *Charity* can find:
Nay, what is worſe, the *Wretch* denies his *Pelf*,
To *Friends*, his *Children*, and his *very* Self.
And yet, by ſtrange prepoſterous *Abuſe*,
He call that *his*, of which he has no Uſe!
And only ſeems to keep it in his *Cheſt*,
Leſt, by *another*, it ſhould be poſſeſs'd.

By what Propriety, O Name of GOOD!
Should'ſt *THOU*, of *hoarded* Wealth be underſtood,
Which, to no Purpoſe, does the *Coffers* fill,
Unleſs to be imploy'd in doing Ill!

CROWN'D

CROWN'D HEADS.

But you, perhaps, may reckon *thoſe* ſecure,
Who ſhine on *Thrones*, and ſwell with *Regal* Pow'r;
Whoſe *vaſt* Dominions, all around, extend,
And trembling *Slaves* before their *Scepters* bend:
On Crimſon *Beds* in gilded *Rooms* they ſleep,
And doubl'd *Guards* the ſilent Entries keep;
But there, ev'n *there*! wild Diſcontents appear;
And, as they're dreaded *more*, the *more* they fear.
Exceſs of *Empire* does it *ſelf* defeat,
And 'tis a *Plague* to be too *vaſtly* great.
The gawled Prince can ſcarce the Load withſtand;
He ſhrinks, unequal to the *huge* Command,
And drops th' unweildy *Scepter* from his Hand.
But *Faction* (if the *Fabrick* does not fall
With its own *Weight*) will undermine the Wall.
For tho' his *Throne* is fenc'd with armed Bands,
And, on each Side, a Crowd of Fav'rites ſtands;

Yet *Arms*, nor *Fav'rites*, can his *Fears* remove,
Unleſs he's guarded by his Subjects *Love*:
Too ſtrict a *Rein*, and too ſevere a *Rod*,
Oft' force the *People* to reject the *Load*;
And when dire Counſels once miſlead the Prince,
He grows a *Tyrant* in his own Defence;
He *ſmiles* to *puniſh*, *flatters* to *deceive*,
Kills with a *Kiſs*, and *Raiſeth* to *Enſlave*.

What vile Perverſeneſs of Deſpotick *Will*,
When *Empire* joins in Fellowſhip with *ILL*;
And, as the Funds of *Pow'r* increaſe in Gain,
T' exact a larger *Uſury* of Pain.

Thus, O *DONATUS*, we can, no where, find
A Laſting, Firm Tranquility of Mind;
Unleſs we *ſtem* the World's tempeſtuous Rage,
Avoid the *Syrens* of a fawning Age,
And force our *Paſſage*, with a ſteady *Oar*,
To *Moor* our Veſſels to the ſacred *Shore*;

Where

Where ſafely harbour'd, free from *Guſts*, we ride,
And ſcorn the *Surges* of the *Rolling Tide.*

Then will the *Soul* on Wings of *Grace* ariſe,
Approach to GOD, and hover in the Skies.
Our Droſs refin'd, above the *Sun* we climb,
Are all *Seraphick*, and are all *Sublime*;
Raptures of *Bliſs* poſſeſs the joyous Mind,
No human Appetites, Acceſs can find,
In vain they try to ſoar, and, *heavy*, lag behind.
When, thus, above the ſordid *Earth* we riſe,
We hate its Follies, and its Pow'rs deſpiſe;
And, *thence*, with Joy and Pity mix'd, ſurvey
The reſtleſs Vanities of Worldly *Sway.*
Then, all thoſe *Toys*, that furniſh Man's Delight,
Wealth, *Titles*, *Pow'r*, from that exalted Height,
Will *Little*, *Little*, ſeem, and dwindle to the Sight.

What happy Safeguard is it, *thus*, to be,
From ſlaviſh Fetters and Engagements free?

Our Souls enlighten'd, *then*, begin to know
The baſe Devices of a ſubtle Foe;
We ſee the Perils which we 'ſcap'd ſo late,
And bleſs the Quiet of our preſent State;
Intrench'd in *Hope*, all Dangers we out-brave,
And, ſuch our Faith! we need but *Ask* and *Have*:
Celeſtial *Guards* aſſume us to their *Care*,
Perennial *Peace*, and lovely *Days* appear,
And we ſecurely reſt behind our new BARRIER.
Nor are theſe *Gifts*, like worldly Honours, gain'd,
By *Gold* acquired, or by *Force* obtain'd;
Unbrib'd the *voluntary Bliſs* is ſent,
And flowing *Bounties* ev'n our *Wiſh* prevent.
Not from their *Springs* the Chriſtal Waters flow,
Nor teeming *Clouds* their falling Show'rs beſtow,
Nor does the *Sun*, ſo willingly diſplay,
His golden Streamers to diffuſe the Day,
Than does th' *Almighty*, of his own Accord,
The ready *Treaſures* of his *Grace* afford.

When

When, thus inliſted, in the *Rolls* you ſtand,
And take your *Station* in the ſacred *Band*,
Let a ſtrict *Diſcipline* you Conduct ſway,
To *Action* prompt, and paſſive to *obey*,
In conſtant Pray'rs your *Exerciſe* acquit,
And fetch Inſtructions from the ſacred *Writ*.

When you, the *Godhead*, your Companion make,
Then HE to You, and You to HIM will ſpeak:
No Chance of Fortune e'er can make *him* Poor
Whom GOD enricheth with his Heav'nly *Store*:
If, in your *Boſom*, HE vouchſafes to dwell,
And fix his *Altar* in that humble *Cell*,
Then *Beams* embow'd, and *Roofs* diſtinct with Gold,
And *Walls* encruſted in a Marble *Mold*,
Will ſordid look, whilſt all your *Care*'s inclin'd
T' adorn the *Soul*, and beautify the *Mind*.

With

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With *Paint* of Innocence decore that *Shrine*,
Thro' ev'ry *Room*, let Beams of Juſtice ſhine,
And the fair Edifice no Hurt can feel,
From greedy Time, nor the devouring *Steel*,
No gnawing *Ruſt* nor *Canker* can make fall
The *Gild* and *Painting* from the mouldring *Wall* ;
Which knows no Change, but on Improvement's
Side,
When 'tis exalted to be *Glorify'd*.

But, This in ſhort --- For tho' thy Watchful Ear
Would, all Day long, ſuch holy *Leſſons* hear ;
Tho' all thy *Soul*, divinely fixt, does bring,
A deep *Attention* whilſt of GOD I ſing;
Yet I, *DONATUS*, muſt ſome Reſpite lend,
To unſtring thy *Patience*, and thy *Mind* unbend.
And ſince this *TIDE*, is ſacred made to *Reſt*,
And the cool *Evening* calls us to the *Feaſt*,
Let not one Moment of the *Day* be free
From pious *Mirth*, and gay *Sobriety*.

Come

Come —— entertain us with thy wonted *Mood*,
Thy *Voice* is tuneful, and thy *Mem'ry*'s Good:
Let the glad *Supper*, with thy *Pſalms* rebound,
Whilſt *We* admiring, circle *Thee* around,
Reſt on thy mellow *Lips*, and feaſt upon the *Sound*.

FINIS.

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